385

IR MARMADUKE MAXWELL,

A DRAMATIC POEM;

THE MERMAID OF GALLOWAY;

THE LEGEND OF RICHARD FAULDER;

AND TWENTY SCOTTISH SONGS.

BY

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

The native legends of thy land rehearse;
To such adapt thy lyre. *Collins.*

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR
TAYLOR AND HESSEY, FLEET STREET.

1822.

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PREFACE.

THE scene of the following Dramatic Poem is laid in the beautiful but ruinous Castle of Caerlaverock, on the Scottish side of the sea of Solway; and the time of the story is the close of the Commonwealth under the second Cromwell. It is partly traditional and partly imaginary; and the manners, feelings, and superstitions, are those common to the Scottish peasantry.

The composition of a Drama on a classic model, and in pure and scholastic language, has not, and could not be aspired at; but sympathy is not solicited for the circumstances under which public notice is courted. We care not to know of the impediments which are in the way of those who seek to give us delight; the vulgar wonder of a peasant writing verse has no share in the spell which is felt by the admirers of Burns.

I pretend not to have courted very assiduously the unities of time, place, and action; nor to have wholly disregarded them. The nature of a dramatic work requires some such limitation; criticism, neglecting to define it, has left it too exclusively perhaps at the will of the poet; but an ordinary fancy will not, I hope, refuse to stretch itself over three days and nights; nor let the little interest the story claims be dissolved like a witch's spell, because my native Nith sometimes interposes its waters between the persons of the Drama.

The day when dramatic literature threw a charm over the multitude is, perhaps, gone past. Those who frequent our theatres go less to wonder and express delight, than to criticize and find fault; and the magnitude of our principal play-houses, meeting probably the popular taste for spectacle,—requires a play to the eye rather than to the heart. Knowledge has had its share in this downfall—superstitious beliefs and supernatural influences have vanished before instruction, and a limit has been assigned to the regions of invention. We do not feel like our ancestors the full force of that unearthly impulse which swayed Macbeth; the call from the other world which gave resolution to Hamlet: we

believe not in the divining-rod of Prospero—nor expect to see the shadowy succession of Banquo's royal progeny arising at the call of an old woman on the heath of Fores.

Though this Dramatic Poem is not, perhaps, unfitted for representation, yet I did not write it altogether with that view; my chief wish has been to excite interest in the reader by a natural and national presentation of action and character. That the ludicrous stands sometimes nigh the serious, and idle and capricious fancies mingle with matters of importance and gravity, is a charge which may be made, but it seems more the fault of the world than mine; such has human nature ever appeared to me.

Of the Ballads and Songs which close the volume, it is unnecessary to say much. They are taken almost at random from a mass of verse, which the leisure or idleness of many winter evenings accumulated. Several have already been printed in various lyrical publications, others appear now for the first time. If I have allowed the former to retain all the original remissness of melody and homely simplicity of manner and expres-

sion in which they found their way to the world it was not without consideration. I owe to them some of the best friendships of my life; and I am not certain but in their somewhat antique rudeness of manner which associates them with the elder lyrics of Scotland, lies the chief charm which they possess.

I cannot resist this opportunity of saying, that the Mermaid of Galloway has obtained some celebrity, from a painting by Mr. Hilton, R.A. in the gallery of Sir John Leicester.

London, March, 1822.

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THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

SIR MARMADUKE MAXWELL.

Adieu! Dumfries, my proper place,
  But and Caerlaverock fair!
Adieu! my castle of the Thrieve,
  Wi' a' my buildings there:
Adieu! Lochmaben's gates sae fair,
  The Langholm-holme where birks there be;
Adieu! my Ladye and only joy,
  For trust me I may not stay with thee.

Lord Maxwell's Goodnight.

PERSONS IN THE DRAMA.

Lord Walter Maxwell, of Caerlaverock.
Sir Marmaduke Maxwell, his son.
Halbert Comyne, cousin to Lord Maxwell.
Sir John Gourlay,
Hubert Dougan,
Edward Neal,
John Dingwall,
Claud Hogan,
} followers of Halbert Comyne.
Simon Graeme,
Mark Macgee,
} friends of Sir Marmaduke Maxwell.
Auld Penpont.
Captains, Royalists, Soldiers, Shepherds, and Servants.

Lady Maxwell.
Mary Douglas, of Cumlongan.
May Morison, her maid.
Mabel Moran.
Maidens.

Spirits.

SIR MARMADUKE MAXWELL.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Solway Shore. Night.*

Spirits unseen.

Sea Spirit. Hail, spirit; cease thy pastime—hillock high
Thy multitude of waters, till the foam
Hang in the hollow heaven. I scent the course
Of a dread mortal, whom ten thousand fiends
Herald to deeds of darkness.

River Spirit. Come, my streams
Of fairy Nith, of hermit Clouden clear,
And moorland Annan—come too, gentle Ae—
And meet the Solway; and be loosed, ye winds
Which mock the proudest cedars into dust—
Come, mar his sinful course.

Sea Spirit. Lo! now he comes;
I see him shoot through green Arbigland bay;
The smiling sea-waves sing around his prow,
Wooed by the melody, flung sweet and far,
From merry flute and cymbal. Lo! he comes;
Say, shall he go unchasten'd through our floods?

River Spirit. His helmet plume shall drink my mirkest surge.

I have no lack of waters, such as smack
Of the world's corruption. I have secret floods,
Embrown'd with cut-throats' dust; waves tumbling red
With the gore of one whose hands were never wash'd
From the blood of strangled babes.

Sea Spirit. Of every crime
That cries from earth to heaven, I have a stain;
So rise, ye surges. Are ye slow to rise
Against the homeward sea-boy, when he sees
Lights in his mother's dwelling by the foot
Of lonely Criffel? Rise, ye surges, rise!
Leap from the oozy bottom, where the bones
Of murderers fester—from the deepest den,
Where he who perish'd, plotting murder, lies;
Come from the creek where, when the sun goes down,
The haunted vessel sends her phantom troops
Of fiery apparitions. Come, as I call;
And come, too, heaven's wild wind. Pour the deep sea
Prone on yon ship that bears five unbless'd mortals—
Spirit, let us work.

SCENE II. *Solway Shore.*

Enter Mark Macgee.

Macgee. Even now the moon rode bright in heaven, the stars
Gleam'd numerous, and in the cold blue north
The lights went starting; nor a breath of wind
Disturb'd the gentle waters. Grim as the pit,

Glooms now the space between the heaven and earth;
The stars are blotted out, and the mute surge,
That wooed so sweet the pebbles on the beach,
Gives its wreathed foam to dark Caerlaverock pines,
And to the darkness seems, as if a tongue
To speak of woe were given.

(*Storm—thunder and fire.*)

Dread heaven, I bow
To thy behest. Comes this storm but to fright
The desert air of midnight? or hast thou
Some fearful purpose in it? Hark! a cry!

(*Storm continues—Cries of distress from the sea; and enter from the surge* HALBERT COMYNE, HUBERT DOUGAN, NEAL, HOGAN, *and* DINGWALL.)

Comyne. Now, Solway, let thy rudest billows dash
Upon the shore five fathom deep abreast.
Lo! here I am, safe on the green grass sod.

Dougan. One foot length of this good rough ground is worth
A world of waters when the wind is loosed.

Neal. This cold and cursed water chills my blood:
Confound thee, ravenous ocean, thou hast drank
My precious liquor up.

Dougan. Be wise and mute!
Didst thou not hear wild voices talk i' the blast?
Didst thou not see dread sights? see horrible shapes
Shake gleaming daggers at us? All the sails
Seem'd changed to shrouds; uncoffin'd corses stalk'd
Visibly on the deck.

Comyne. Hush, Hubert Dougan: fear,

Like fancy, fashion'd forth those godless shapes;
And our eyes, so imagination will'd,
Fill'd the ship with shapes terrific, and a tongue
Fearful and ominous lent the sounding surge.

Macgee. Lo! has the storm spared these? or have the fiends
Forged *them* i' the war of elements, and sent
Their spectral progeny to fright the world
With ghastly faces? Speak! May a poor man
Call you God's mortal workmanship, or forms
Sent here to stir the dead with doomsday looks?

Neal. E'en reeking from the nethermost abyss
Of darkness, I assure you. Man, hast thou
Got any drink for devils? Spare one drop.

Mac. 'Faith, thou mayst pass with holier men than me
For a fierce whelp of Satan's rudest brood.
The roughest fiend that wallows in the lake
Would start at these wild features, and would yell
And boggle at thy shadow.

Dougan. Peasant, peace:
Nor let the terrors of a rough rude heart
Thus wrong an honest eye.

Macgee. Has that deep sea
Not raised its voice against you? But I will speak.—
The Solway is a gentle sea, good Sir,
To men of gentle mood; but, oh! 'tis rough,
And stern, and dark, and dangerous, to those
Who cherish thoughts unjust or murderous.

Comyne. How sweet the west wind courts this clover bank,

And breathes on one as with a maiden's lips.
Dougan. My lord talks courtship to this pleasant land;
And it indeed looks lovely. Now thy helm,
Dinted with sabre strokes, must be unplumed,
And made a milkmaid's bowl: thy sword, so famed
For cleaving steel caps, as the trumpet sung,
Will make a damsel's distaff: and we'll hang
Our pennon, soil'd in the grim surge of war,
To scare the crows from corn.
Comyne. Hush; keep thy blade
With a good edge on't. We may yet find work
Worth keeping a dirk to do.
Hogan. Now, by the print
O' the bless'd foot of St. Patrick, I do swear
Peace is a pleasant thing: I quit acquaintance
With six inches of cold steel. Now I'll go seek
A special oak staff, and a good friend's head
To try its merits on. Friend, were this land
Nigh the green hills of Lurgan, it would have
A name worth asking after.
Macgee. This land has
An ancient name—a proverb'd one for sweets
Of every hue: here at the brightening morn
A thousand homes all fill'd with happy ones
Send up their smoke to heaven. A thousand hinds
Furrow the fallow land. A thousand maids,
Fresh as unripen'd roses, comb white flax,
Press the warm snowy curd, or blythely turn
The fragrant hay-swathe to the western wind.
Here too ascends at morn, or dewy eve,

The melody of psalm and saintly prayer;
Nor lack we here song of impassion'd bard,
And saws of sacred sages. When thou paintest
A place where angels might repose their plumes
From heavenly journeyings, call it Caerlaverock,
So then the world may credit what thou sayest.

Comyne. Ah, Hubert! well I know this ancient shore:
Barefooted 'mongst its shells and pebbles, far
I've chaced the lapwing. Fast too have I flown,
Nor fear'd the quicksand quivering 'neath my foot,
To match the rushing pellock with my speed:
No stone uplifts its mossy crown but brings
Of me some story with it; every hawthorn
Has got a tale to tell; and that pine grove
Could gossip things would glad the envious ear
Of wrinkled dames demure. Now twenty summers
Of burning suns, 'mid warfare's rough caress,
Have brown'd my temples since that soft breeze blew
That belly'd my parting sail.

Neal. Look here, my lord;
Lo! here I stand, all dripping wet, and drench'd
In this same land of loveliness, and shed
The sea brine from me, like a tree on which
Rain has been newly shower'd.

Dougan. Now, peasant, say,
Is there some rushy cot, or cavern, near—
Some hermitage, or vaulted castle old,
To whose hoar sides flame would strange lustre lend,
And save us from being frozen 'neath the moon
To winter icicles.

Macgee. Yes, gentle Sir!
I know an old house—but it lacks the roof;
I know a cavern—but its mouth is shut
By an earthquake-loosen'd stone; a castle's near,
With vaults and arches vast, and grated walls—
But this rude river, by a sudden rush,
Has given a current to its marble floor
Where thou mayest float a barge. I know a cot,
A trim and neat one, with a fire that gilds
The polish'd rooftree; flagons too are there,
With precious aquavitæ: that cot is mine:
But, by yon moon, I see no aspect here
That's made to grace an honest man's abode.
To him who sent you, I commend you; a grim one;
Even him who hides his cloven foot i' the storm.
(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III. *Caerlaverock Wood.*

Enter Halbert Comyne, Hubert Dougan, Neal, Hogan, *and* Dingwall.

Dougan. This seems some tower o' the fancy—its foundation
Flits 'fore us like a shadow.

Enter Mabel Moran.

Neal. Who comes here?
A rude gray beldame come in cantraip time
To mount her ragwort chariot, and to quaff
Good wine with the pole star.

Dingwall. My hoary dame,
I do beseech thee, keep thy foot on the sod;
There's forms to night i' the air, raging unloosed
From the flaming glen thou wot'st of, who might jolt
Thee from thine airy saddle, and would singe
Thy pike staff to a cinder.

Mabel. Reaver Rob!
The wind that blaws thee here 's from a black airt;
Among my hen-roosts, thy two hands are worse
Than the teeth of twenty foumarts. Saul to gude!
His presence too be near us! Who art thou?

Comyne. My good and reverend dame, we hapless ones
Have come from a far nook of foreign earth—
No midnight reavers we, but men whose swords
Were bared in God's high quarrel; we have felt
Rough weather on the deep, and seek i' the gloom
Lord Walter Maxwell's mansion. Wouldst thou trust
Thy foot i' the dew to show the path that winds,
Through planting, park and woodland, to the gate
Of thy lord's dwelling; I'll requite each drop
That gems thy hair, with a fair piece of silver.
(*Offers money.*)

Mabel. Put up your gold, man—for the dark deep sea 's
Too dread a place wherein to gather gold,
To scatter it in moonlight. So ye swam
For your sweet lives? And, by my sooth, that's true;
Ye 're dripping like the wing o' the water hen.
The Solway is a sinful flood, sweet Sir;

On many a fair face has it feasted: it
Has muckle dool to answer for.

Dougan. I've heard
In foreign lands men call 't the bloody water.
Is yon Lord Maxwell's castle, 'mongst the groves
On which the moon is gleaming?

Mabel. Three lang miles,
Weary and dark, through mire, and moss, and wood,
Have you to wend, and find no bigged wall
Save this poor sheal. But in the Solway flow
Ye'd better be to the neck, wi' Will o' the wisp
Shining aside you, than at my hearth stone
Sit till the morning. Ye'll have heard from the Turks
How Mabel's house is haunted. There came once
A gifted man—a soul's well wisher—one
Whom men call'd Shadrach Peden. In he came,
Wi' "peace be here;" and, "Dame, thou'rt sore beset
Wi' sprites of the sinful and permitted fiends."
"Aye, well I wot that's true," quoth I. He drew
A circle and a cross, and syne began
Stark controversy for a stricken hour.
But, Sirs, the fiends wax'd strong and fearful, and
The saint grew faint and frail. "Mabel," quo' he,
"There's no perfection in flesh."

Dougan. Truce, holy dame:
Lift thy door latch, and let us have one hour
Of fellowship with thy fiends—feel the warm glow
So ruddy at thy window: I dread more
Pit-falls and darkness, than the pranks of spirits:

I'd liefer sleep wi' the arch fiend at mine elbow,
Than grope my way through moss, and mire, and flood.

Hogan. I've had enough of dismal forms and faces;
For cursed shapes paced on the splintering deck;
And 'tween Arbigland and Caerlaverock bay,
Each wave seem'd rife with moans of dying men;
My sword caught drops of reeking blood upon it;
My hands smelt horribly warm with murder's work;
And I'll brave hell no more.

Dingwall. Faith, I'm not one
To sit and sigh out prayers, and mournful psalms,
Aside this beldame's hearth, with a charm'd ring
Of wiseman's chalk to bound one from the fiends.

Neal. Witch, hast thou got one cup of barley dew?
Or most unrighteous brandy? or one drop
Of meek and saintly sack? That cursed sea
Has turn'd my weazon to a thoroughfare
For its unblessed water.

Mabel. What sayest thou
To a cup o' the rarest juice of bloomed ragwort?
Or bonnie hollow hemlock, stark and brown?

Neal. Carlin! cursed carlin! keep such drink to cheer
Thy Hallowmass gossips.

Dougan. Now, my sage good dame,
We leave thy gleaming hearth to trooping spectres;
We love not to carouse with such companions,
Nor shake hands with visionary fingers. So
This is the way, thou sayest?

Mabel. Yes, gentle Sir.
Now look on yon bright star, and mark my words.

The tryster tree pass, where the pedlar lad
Got his neck broke, and by the yellow hair
Was hung among the branches. Then pass too
The dead man's loup, where our town tailor drown'd
Himself, for fair Peg Primrose. Pass the moss,
The bogle-moss, still haunted by the ghost
Of poor Tam Watson—ane whom I kenn'd weel:
He wooed the gypsy's daughter, and forgot
Caerlaverock had fair faces. He was found
One summer morning; but the cauld sharp airn
Had cross'd his weazon, and his ghost aye goes
With its right hand at its throat. Pass that, and syne
Ye'll see a belted huntsman cut in stone,
A bugle at his belt, which ye maun blow,
If ye would have swift tidings. I have said
My say, and so God prosper good intents.
(*Exeunt Halbert Comyne, &c.*)

MABEL MORAN, *alone*.

Thank heaven and hamely wit for this good riddance!
Now woe unto me, had I raised the latch
Of my warm shealing to such unbless'd loons,
They'd ta'en my gold, and made a ghost of me.
God ward Lord Maxwell, and his bonnie lady;
I'll through the wood, and warn them. Good red gold,
And decent folk, will soon grow scarce, if knaves
Like these long carry swords. (*Exit.*)

SCENE IV. *Caerlaverock Wood. Night.*

SIR MARMADUKE MAXWELL, *alone.*

Sir M. Thou fair tall tree, may the sharp axe ne'er smite
Thy shapely stem; may birds of sweetest song
Among thy branches build: here first I met
My gentle love. Lo! now she comes. How blest
The greensward is that carpets her white foot!
Bless thee, fair lingerer, I have number'd nigh
The crowded stars that stud yon western heaven.

Enter MARY DOUGLAS.

Mary D. Say am I come to hear some curious tale
Of fairy raid and revel quaintly mix'd
With antique tales of love? Come, thou wilt tell me
Some soft and gentle story: thou wilt lay
Thy cheek to mine, and whisper thus, lest stars
Should hear thee, and turn tell-tales. Have I guess'd?

Sir M. I've got a quaint and curious tale to tell
Of one who loved a maid, dear as the hope
Of heaven to human soul: but heaven smiled not
Upon their loves: there came a parting hour;
And with that hour came bitter dread, lest they
Should meet no more again.

Mary Douglas. Thine eyes are grave.
Has some new woe come o'er them as a cloud?
Tell me what moves thee; else I'll rashly deem
Some blessed star my rival, and go forth
And rail against its radiance.

Sir Marmaduke. My true love,
The ancient glory has gone from our house,
And we like beadsmen sit and quote sage saws,
While weeds have grown, and topp'd the noble cedars;
The clouted shoe has kick'd the golden round
From the bright brow of majesty; the axe
Supplants the sceptre; and the awful law
Devours as an unheeded fire, even those
It was but meant to warm. Some noble spirits
Are ripe for loyal deeds—so farewell, love;
Thou'lt make for me a garland or a shroud.

Mary D. Is this the close then of the truest love?
It was too tender and too kind to last—
Alas! I dream'd not of ungentle war:
It is a fearful thing—war, where the odds
Will make gods of the winners, is a game
That charms the noble, but makes poor maids' eyes
Moist with perpetual tears. Go, my love, go—
Yet all my thoughts were still on gentle themes;
On twilight walks aside the shaded brooks;
Of songs by moonlight on the castle top;
Of merry-makings when the corn was ripe;
Of building sunny homes for hoary men;
And thou wert ever there with thy grave smile:
But thou wilt find some higher love, when fame
Has deck'd thy helmet, and the laughing eyes
Of noble dames are on thee.

Sir Marmaduke. I shall be
True as these stars are to the cold clear sky;
True as that streamlet to its pebbly bed;
True as green Criffel to her stance; and true

As birds to song in summer. Smile, my love,
For I may yet return 'mid many a shout
And song of welcome.

Mary Douglas. I'll go with thee, love—
'Tis sweet even in hot battle to be by
The side of one we love—to hear his voice,
Big as the martial trumpet, call "come on;"
To see his raised arm wither strong men's strength
Into the might of babes—see 'neath his steed
The helms of chieftain's lie, and his course be
Where steeds soon lack their riders.

Sir Marmaduke. No—I swear
By one sweet kiss of thy pure, eloquent lips,
Thou must not go, but sit upon thy tower;
And, like a lily, look toward the west.—
Lo! who come here? all men of martial mien:
Nay, tarry, love; no harm can happen thee.

Enter Halbert Comyne, Hubert Dougan, *&c.*

Dougan. Now gentlest greeting to thee, gentle youth;
Lo! we are strangers, whom the stormy sea
Has cast upon your coast. In this land lives
The good Lord Maxwell—we would gladly be
The good lord's guests to-night.

Sir Marmaduke. Well are we met—
And I will gladly guide you to his hall,
Where you'll find welcome large and princely cheer.

Com. What lovely woodland maiden's this—she stands
With her dark eyes so downcast. Have I lived
So many summer suns 'mongst beauteous dames,
To fall in love by moonlight? Gentle one

Comest thou to gem thy curling locks with dew,
Or comest thou forth the homeward hind to charm;
He ceases song, and, gazing on thee, says,
Do angels visit here? Long have I sought
For beaming eyes, and glowing lips like thine,
That seem so ripe for pressing. Let me try.

Mary D. I'm a poor dweller in this woodland, Sir,
And all uncustom'd to such fair free words,
And more to such frank action.

Sir Marmaduke. Sir! free Sir;
Those who seek fruit on a forbidden tree
May break their neck i' the climbing.

Comyne. This a churl?
This is no peasant trimm'd for the tryste hour. (*Aside.*)
Now pardon, fair one—and for thee, proud youth,
If my free speech had an ungentle sound,
Forget it for the sake of those dark eyes
That made a soldier err.

Dougan. Away—avaunt—
Thou painted mischief—for such sweet and trim
And rose and lily limmers, the bright swords
Of soldiers blush'd—for such a one as thee
I've seen sworn brothers ruby their sharp blades,
While the fair she-fiend plaited her long locks,
And smiled, and smiled. Come on now, gentle youth;
Come, grace us with thy guidance.

(*Exeunt Dougan, &c.*)

HALBERT COMYNE, *alone.*

Comyne. This is a lady I should love alone

Aneath the gentle moon—some such sweet time
May yet o'ertake me; I'm not one that wooes
With harp in hand, and ballad on my tongue,
'Neath winter casements—nor love much to measure
Dark moors at midnight, nor cross drowning streams
On ice an inch thick, for a cold maid's smile;
No damsel doats on these romantic youths;
All their talk is o' the perilous attempt
Of dizzy casements—then they sit and tell
What shooting stars they saw—how the pale moon
Caught one large star between her crooked horns,
And they stood marvelling for a stricken hour.
How many moor flames burn'd upon the hills;
How frequent o'er their heads the night bird sung:
How many times their shadow seem'd a goblin,
And set their hair on end. Then they sigh deep,
And ask what time o' the night 'tis, and pray heaven
May warm the morning dew. (*Exit.*)

SCENE V. *Caerlaverock Castle.*

MARK MACGEE, PENPONT, *and* SERVANTS.

Pen. Say'st thou, I love red wine better than water;
A rosy lass in hawslock gray, before
A hoary dame in satin and soft silk?
Thou skilful man in tarry fleeces—rot—
Murrain—leaping-illness, and red water;
Comrade to Tweed, to Yarrow, Ringwood Whitefoot,
What sayest thou against the pastime sweet

Of lasses' lips.—Thou supperer on sorrow,
And diner on mortification—Scatterer
O' the bleeding members torn from scripture parable,
What sayest thou to wine and maidens' lips?

Macgee. Now I must measure this fool-man his corn
With his own bushel (*aside*)—I have much to say:
Thou turn'st thy back on the milk and honey vale
For the flesh-pots o' the heathen. Thou dost sleep
Where Satan spreads thy pillow;—thy salvation
Is in the larder and the vintage press,
And thy redemption in warm drink. Fear not;
The day will come when thou wilt have hot drink,
Hotter than lips can cool't; companions too,
Grim ones; rosie dames thou'lt lack not, nor
The fauns with cloven heel. There thou'lt carouse
With the plump and willing lady, who doth sit
O' the top of the seven hills.

Penpont. Thou gifted lectûrer
On the discipline of flesh, far hast thou chased
Mirth from the land; the twang of a harp-string
Has not been heard since holy Ramoth Gilead
Lift up his voice against the burning shame
Of satin slippers, and the soot-black sin
Of silken snoods. Now Mark, the wiseman, what
Sayest thou to this?

Macgee. Aye, aye! thou lovest the pride
And vânity of flesh, and proud apparel,
Perfumed locks, bared bosoms, and the hour
For climbing to maids' casements, chambering,
And wantonness. All have not mired them so

In the lusts of life. Aye, aye! I mind her well;
Jane Proudfoot was her name; proud by the name
Indeed was she, and proud by nature, and
Own'd a rich voice that made a psalm note sound
Sweet as a sinful song. Aye, sore she tried
To catch me in the meshes of the flesh;
'Twas at a Quarrelwood-preaching, many a glance
Threw she on me; shook all her fine apparel,
Like a proud steed rein'd up both neck and eye;
Spread forth her painted plumage, and swam past
Wi' her beauty and her bravery. I sigh'd,
And read my Bible.

Penpont. Seest thou this pikestaff?
Some thirty years ago it grew i' the wood,
A braw brown hazel, and has borne my weight
Since then to kirk and market—I would dibble it
Deep in the earth, and water it with the hope
Of cracking its brown nuts, had this fair dame,
Jane Proudfoot, thaw'd an icicle like thee.

Enter MABEL MORAN.

Mabel. Now, peace be here; Saint Allan be your watch;
Say, where is Walter Maxwell?

Penpont. Conscience, carlin!
Hast thou been casting cantraips and witch-pranks
Neath the cold moon till a water-spout fell on thee?
Or hast thou sought the black-bear's dugs, beyond
The polar star, to lythe thy cauldron sauce;
Or pluck'd a drowned sailor from the bottom
Of Solway, for the tar beneath his nail?

Mabel. Take thou this good brass bodle; hold thy tongue;
Did e'er thy wisdom bring thee so much gain?
Wilt thou prate still? do, if thy weazon 's steel,
And cares for no sharp knife. For *they* are near
Whose hands would choke thee, teaching men the charm,
To save the world from sinking. Let me go;
Else I shall freeze thee to a drop of ice,
And hang thee 'neath the moon.

Penpont. Lo! woman, woman,
I care not for thee; in my bonnet stem
I wear a plant can make thy cauldron sauce
As harmless as new milk. For it was thou
Who sunk the boat, with many a precious soul,
Crossing the river for a cast of grace
At godly Quarrelwood. I know thee well.
Thou in the form of a fair youth beset
That saintly damsel, May Macrone, among
The green broom of Dalswinton, and made tight
The string o' her apron. And thou shook'st the Kirk
O' Kirkmabreek aboon sweet Shadrach Peden,
When, to the Galloway heathen, he cried, Clap
The fire o' hell to their tails.

Mabel. Peace—hold thy peace—
And hold my staff till I seek Walter Maxwell.

Pen. Thy staff! I'd sooner touch the brazen serpent
That drew the saints to sin. Go cast it down
Into that hot-pit o'er which thou'lt be hung
Till the buckles melt in thy shoon.

Mabel. Hold my witch staff,
Else I shall turn it to a fisher rod,
And thee into a fiend, and make thee angle
Till doom i' the dub o' darkness. (*Exit.*)

Penpont. Fearful woman!
This staff of hers was cut what time the moon
Was i' the wane, and she works cantraips with it,
There's devilish virtue in it, that from the wisest
Can win their best resolves; can make gray hairs
Grow wanton; make a peasant beldame, clad
In hodan, seem a lady robed in silk
Wi' a sark of sneap-white holland. It should burn,
But tis no earthly fire that may consume it;
And it might turn me, by some cursed prank,
Into a wonder for the world to gaze at. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE VI. *Caerlaverock hall.*

Lord Walter Maxwell *and* Lady Maxwell.

Lady Maxwell. Thou must not stand on earth like a carved saint
Which men do bow to, but which ne'er returns
Their gratulation.

Lord Maxwell. Love, there is a voice
Still whispering, that all we love or hate—
All we admire, exalt, or hope to compass,
Till the stars wax dim amid our meditation,
Is but as words graved on the ocean sands,
Which the returning tide blots out for ever.

For I'm grown sick of the world's companionship,
Of camp and city, and life's pomp—the song
Of bards impassion'd who rank earth's gross dust
With things immortal—of the gladsome sound
Of dulcimer and flute—the corrupt tongue
O' the shrewd politician. O! for a rude den
In some vast desart—there I'd deem each star
That lumined me in loneliness was framed
To coronet my brows—that the bloom'd bough
On which the wild bees cluster'd, when its scent
Fill'd all the summer air, graced my hand more
Than a dread sceptre: and the little birds
Would know us, love; the gray and pleasant wren
Would hang her mansion for her golden young
Even in our woodland porch.

Lady Maxwell. Thy country's woes
Have robb'd thee of thy peace—have pluck'd thy spirit
Down from its heaven, and made sweet sleep to thee
The bitterest bliss of life.

Lord Maxwell. Is there a bosom
Full of a loyal heart?—Is there a knee
That seeks the dust at eve?—a holy tongue,
Whose orisons find heaven? a noble mind,
Whose pure blood has flow'd down through the pure veins
Of a thousand noble bosoms?—a brave man
Who loves his country's ancient name and law,
And the famed line of her anointed kings?
Oh heaven! give him swift wings: the sword, the rack,
The halter, and whet axe hold him in chace,

And make a den of Scotland, for the fiends
To howl and revel in.

Lady Maxwell. But shall we sit,
Even as the dove does on the doom'd tree-top,
Until the axe strews to the weazel's tooth
Her young ones in their down:—shall we go cast
Life's heavenly jewel to the pit; and page,
With cap and cringing knee, him, match'd with whom
A murderer's hand is milkwhite, and the brow
Of a gross peasant smutch'd with hovel soot
The brow of an archangel?

Lord Maxwell. Say no more:—
My Scotland, whilst one stone of thine is left
Unturn'd by ruin's plowshare—while one tree
Grows green untouch'd by the destroyer's axe—
While one foundation stone of palace or church,
Or shepherd's hovel, stands unmoved by
The rocking of artillery—while one stream
Though curdling with warm life's blood, can frequent
Its natural track—while thou hold'st holy dust
Of princes, heroes, sages, though their graves
Flood ankle-deep in gore; O, I will love thee,
And weep for thee;—and fight for thee, while heaven
Lends life, and thy worst foes are but of flesh,
And can feel temper'd steel.

Lady Maxwell. Oh! had we here
Him thou so lovest, thy fiery cousin, he
Who would have heir'd thee had I not been blest
Above all hope in winning thee—he was
One bold in thought, and sudden in resolve;

In execution swifter:—Halbert Comyne,
Of thee our peasants love to talk, and draw
Thy martial aspect and thy merry glance
Among the maids at milking time. Yet they
Pause mid their rustic charactering, and cough,
And with a piece of proverb or old song
They close the tale, look grave, and shake the head,
And hope thou may'st be blest and bide abroad.—

Enter Mabel Moran.

Lord Maxwell. Thou hast not come at this dark hour for nought:
What means thy hurried foot, and that sharp glance
That carries warning with it?

Mabel. Bless thy kind heart—
This night as I stood on my threshold-stone,
Clear glow'd the moon, nought spake save the sweet tongue
Of one small rill—even as I stood and bless'd
Night's loveliness, a beauteous star was thrown
From heaven upon thy house, and as it fell
The moon was blotted out and darkness came,
Such as the hand might grope. What this might bode
Small space had I to ponder till the groan
Of one in mortal agony was borne
I' the rush o' the blast; with it there came a sound
Like Annan in its flood, and a dread fire
Ran on the ground. Amid the brightness came
Forms visible, their faces smear'd with blood—

And on their backs, a piteous sight, they bore
Thy form, Lord Walter Maxwell; from thy locks,
The locks that maidens loved, thick dropp'd the blood;
They bore thee to a visionary grave.
Ere thrice I bless'd myself, there came a wind
And swept the earth of this dread pageantry:
I stood rooted with fear.—Some mortal thing
I prayed that I might speak to, and straight came
Men through the wood—five stately men, who told
Of perils great they scaped from, and enquired
The footpath to thy hall. Now, Walter Maxwell,
Gird to thy side thy sword, and clasp the hand
Of those thou welcomest, with a glove of steel;
For two of these five mortals wore the looks
Of those dread ones i' the vision. Admonition
Comes as a dose i' the death-pang, if thou deem'st
I either dream or dote.

Lord Maxwell. My sage good dame,
A cot I'll build thee neath my castle wall;
For that wild glen thou livest in yields ripe things
About the full of the moon. (*A horn is blown.*)

Mabel. There sounds thy doom—
Woe to thy house! And now, let the hoar head
Of him whose tongue was reverenced for sage saws
When I was but a baby,—the green youth,—
Like corn i' the shot-blade, when the staff of life
Is yet as milk i' the ear,—on whose soft chin
The beard's unbudded,—the matron in whose ear
Grandmother has been music,—the sweet babe
Whose tender lips hold yet the mother's milk

Uncurdled—haste! All, fly this doomed house—
I hear the death groans—lo! I see the dirks
Reek warm with murder's work—see! the blood drops
Thick dappling all thy walls—along the floor
Men stride in blood to the buckles, and grim throngs
Of fiery spectres welcome those whose veins
Are yet unsluiced with steel. I'll see no more,
But fly thy dwelling, though my footsteps lay
O'er acres of dead men—and I were paged
By all the fiends o' the pit. (*Exit.*)

(*Horn blows louder.*)

Lord Maxwell. Now hasten thou,
And see who summons thus our doors, and what
This visitation means. (*Exit Servant.*)
Perhaps some one
From a far land, who hopes to find his home
Smiling with kindred faces.—In the grave
Lie those who loved him—in the battle field
With glorious Grahame they died: on Marston Moor
Perchance they sleep: by private guile fell they—
By the swift carbine, or the whetted axe,
And all the cruel and the crafty ways
In which rebellion works.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. My lord, a chief
Of martial mien, with followers four, scarce scaped
The raging Solway, seeks to be thy guest.

Lord Maxwell. Give them my castle's welcome; bring them hither. (*Exit Servant.*)

Penpont. (*Aside.*) Where's the dame flown to, whom the foul fiend loves?
Far famed is she for giving a rough guess
How the world will wag. Lord Maxwell speaks her fair,
'Tis well his part—the boy-lord ne'er had come
Wi' a scream to the world, except for her two hands—
She loosed five witch knots, and the sweet bairn came.
Aye, by my sooth, we'll see what comes of this;
Who deal wi' hags may dread a kittle cast.

Enter Halbert Comyne *and his Companions.*

Lord Maxwell. Stranger, I give thee welcome, though thy visit
Should strike my castle's cope-stone to the moat.

Com. 'Tis spoke with noble heart. Could I cast off
The marks of many years of warfare rough
On persecutor's crests, the scars i' the front,
Won in the edge of peril—bid the sun
Wooe off his burning courtship from my cheek,—
Then wouldst thou clasp me, though my linked mail
Were wreath'd with crested snakes. Not know me yet?
Look on this good sword, 'twas a good man's gift,
I've proved its edge on plates of Milan steel.

Lord Maxwell. My Halbert Comyne? mine own gallant cousin?
And this is thou? thrice bless thee, my brave Halbert:
And thou art safe? wounds on the cheek and brow,
No more—they say they were found in glory's walk.
Not know thee? thee I dream about, even thee

Whom I have borne so often on my back
Through the mirk pools of Nith:—thou'rt changed indeed,
From May's sweet blossom to September's brown;
And hast a voice for that of soft nineteen
Like to the martial trumpet. Welcome him,
My fair one; forth with the white hand that made
Me blessed: call my son; bring him, though he
Had won the love of some particular star
To his harp and poet song.

Lady Maxwell. Welcome, thrice welcome:
The tongue of the land 's familiar with thy fame.
Thy name I might have learn'd to love, though it
Had ne'er pass'd waking lips. In deepest sleep
On thee my lord oft calls; and, with a tongue
That warns mid commendation, urges thee
From the chace of desperate steel—But now, more meet
Soft couch and cheer, than welcoming of lips.

Comyne. (*Aside.*) A wife and son! these are new sounds to me;
They choke my proud hopes in life's porch, and fill
My hand with my keen sword. I hoped to come
To heir this Nithsdale princedom; and I brought
Some chosen spirits from the wars to share
My fortune, and the fortune of the times.—
Fair lady, I have urged remembrance far, (*To Lady M.*)
Yet nought so fair or noble can I charm
As thee from my mute memory. I sail'd,
Forsaking some proud beauties; but none fill'd
Like thee men's bosoms brimful of sweet love,

Nor charm'd the lads who wear gold on their brows,
To sue with cap in hand.

Lord Maxwell. She was the pride,
The grace of Galloway; and she is mine.
But, gentle cousin, now refresh, repose thee;
And I will wooe thy ear to all the woes
That press now on poor Scotland. (*Exeunt.*)

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Caerlaverock Castle.*

HALBERT COMYNE *alone.*

Com. 'Tis said there is an hour i' the darkness when
Man's brain is wondrous fertile, if nought holy
Mix with his musings. Now, whilst seeking this,
I've worn some hours away, yet my brain 's dull,
As if a thing call'd grace stuck to my heart,
And sicken'd resolution. Is my soul tamed
And baby-rid wi' the thought that flood or field
Can render back, to scare men and the moon,
The airy shapes of the corses they enwomb?
And what if 't tis so? Shall I lose the crown
Of my most golden hope, because its circle
Is haunted by a shadow? Shall I go wear
Five summers of fair looks,—sigh shreds of psalms,—
Pray i' the desart till I fright the fox,—
Gaze on the cold moon and the cluster'd stars,
And quote some old man's saws 'bout crowns above,—
Watch with wet eyes at death-beds, dandle the child,
And cut the elder whistles of him who knocks
Red earth from clouted shoon. Thus may I buy
Scant praise from tardy lips; and when I die,
Some ancient hind will scratch, to scare the owl,
A death's head on my grave-stone. If I live so,
May the spectres dog my heels of those I slew

I' the gulph of battle; wise men cease their faith
In the sun's rising; soldiers no more trust
The truth of temper'd steel. I never loved him.—
He topt me as a tree that kept the dew
And balmy south wind from me: fair maids smiled;
Glad minstrels sung; and he went lauded forth,
Like a thing dropt from the stars. At every step
Stoop'd hoary heads unbonneted; white caps
Hung i' the air; there was clapping of hard palms,
And shouting of the dames. All this to him
Was as the dropping honey; but to me
'Twas as the bitter gourd. Thus did I hang,
As his robe's tassel, kissing the dust, and flung
Behind him for boy's shouts,—for cotman's dogs
To bay and bark at. Now from a far land,
From fields of blood, and extreme peril I come,
Like an eagle to his rock, who finds his nest
Fill'd with an owlet's young. For he had seen
One summer's eve a milkmaid with her pail,
And, 'cause her foot was white, and her green gown
Was spun by her white hand, he fell in love:
Then did he sit and pen an amorous ballad;
Then did he carve her name in plum-tree bark;
And, with a heart e'en soft as new press'd curd,
Away he walk'd to wooe. He swore he loved her:
She said, cream curds were sweeter than lord's love:
He vow'd 'twas pretty wit, and he would wed her:
She laid her white arm round the fond lord's neck,
And said his pet sheep ate her cottage kale,
And they were naughty beasts. And so they talk'd;
And then they made their bridal bed i' the grass,

No witness but the moon. So this must pluck
Things from my heart I've hugg'd since I could count
What horns the moon had. There has been with me
A time of tenderer heart, when soft love hung
Around this beadsman's neck such a fair string
Of what the world calls virtues, that I stood
Even as the wilder'd man who dropp'd his staff,
And walk'd the way it fell to. I am now
More fiery of resolve. This night I've wiped
The milk of kindred mercy from my lips;
I shall be kin to nought but my good blade,
And that when the blood gilds it that flows between
Me and my cousin's land.—Who's there?

Enter DOUGAN *and* HOGAN.

Dougan. 'Tis I,
Come from the green-wood bough, where I have dug
A den for stricken deer. 'Tis in a spot
Where moonshine is a marvel; and the sun
May look from the mid heaven, and find it not.
An owl sat high, and whoop'd: a raven croak'd;
A huge black grim one visible on a tree:
Good Edward's heart beat audible with fear,
And thrice he swore the hole was deep enough.

Hogan. I have walk'd forth on the side o' the salt sea;
The fisher's nets are stretch'd upon the beach,
Nor is there foot of living thing abroad,
Nor sound in the wide world. By the sheer cliff
I've moor'd the boat; three willing strokes of oars
May launch it far beyond the plummet's depth.

Com. 'Tis done, like men well skill'd in the good deeds

That from their foreheads wipe the world's hot sweat.
And now, this night, let every look be mirth;
Let none cry havoc as he draws the sword,
But leap up, when I give the signal—thus,—
With ready swords, and all as mute as shadows.
When good Lord Walter 's to the greenwood gone,
And when his dame, and her young ballad maker,
Have tasted Solway's saltest surge; we'll raise
The cry of men at whose throats, when asleep,
Murder made bare his knife; and we'll awake
The castle with a wild and clamorous outcry;
And we'll paint thick our cheeks with seeming terror;
Then, all at once, tell of a fearful 'sault
Made on the tower by arm'd and desperate men.

Dougan. We'll do it, and do it quick as a thunder clap.

(*Exeunt Dougan and Hogan.*)

Comyne. To night a joyous husbandman has call'd
Lord Maxwell's menials to a merry-making;
There, too, goes Marmaduke, and with him goes
That bonnie maiden whose dark glance has given me
Something to sigh for. Now will I go look
Upon their mirth as one who noteth nought,
And then I'll court my fortunes with my sword. (*Exit.*)

SCENE II. *Caerlaverock Wood.*

SIR MARMADUKE MAXWELL.

Sir M. How sweet is this night's stillness:--soft and bright
Heaven casts its radiance on the streams, and they
Lie all asleep and tell the vaulted heaven

The number of her stars. I see the doves
Roosting in pairs on the green pine tree tops;
The distant ocean 'mid the moonlight heaves,
All cluster'd white with sleeping water fowl.—
Now where the moon her light spills on yon towers,
I turn my sight, but not that I may try
If her chaste circle holds a world more worth
Man's worshipping than this. See—see—oh see
Lights at her window!—blessed is the air
Her blooming cheek that kisses:—looks she forth,
To see if earth hold aught that's worth her love?
O let me steal one look at her sweet face—
For she doth still turn her dark eyes from me;
And she is silent as yon silver star
That shows her dwelling place. (*Exit.*)

SCENE III. *A Farm House.*

SIMON GRAEME, MARK MACGEE, PENPONT, *Hinds, Maidens, and Musicians.*

Gra. Come, bound all to the floor—from the sweet maid
I' the middle o' her teens, to the staid dame
Who was young men's delight i' the green year
Afore mirk-monday. Haste; leap shoulder high,
Ye gladsome lads; here is no standing corn;
Nought harder than white fingers for your touch.
What! must the maidens wooe ye? I have seen,
And that's no old tale, when I've made them spring
And pant in dancing like the hunted hart.

Come, screw your pegs, man—make the mole that digs
Five fathom from your heels, run back in his hole,
Scared by the gladsome clamour:—now begin.

Musician. I'll play a tune, a serious one and sweet.
(*Plays.*)

First Hind. Cease, cease thou saintly kittler o' catgut;
I'd liefer shake my legs to th' moan o' a storm
Than to such dolorous music. Faith, I'd make
Music far sweeter with a wooden bowl,
And two horn spoons—or may I kiss nae mair
The lips o' Jenny Jop—here where she stands.

Sec. Hind. Preserve us! let him play what tune he likes;
I'd dance as gaily to the "babes i' the wood,"
As to "green sleeves"—so let's have the douce tune;
We'll make it soon a wanton ane, I warrant thee.

Enter PENPONT, *singing.*

And saw ye aught of my bonnie moorhen?
And saw ye aught of my bonnie moorhen?
First she flew but, and syne she flew ben,
Then away to the hills flew my bonnie moorhen.

Here's steaming punch, and haggis reeking rich;
Sound of tight fiddle strings, and smacking, too,
Of maiden's lips. Now, if their lips in kissing
Gave crowns and kingdoms, such like dainty sweets
Are not for Auld Penpont—keep, woeful man,
Thy grey hairs from temptation. (*Sings.*)

For I'm but a silly auld man,
Gaun hirpling over a tree;
And for wooing a lass i' the dark,
The kirk came haunting me.

Graeme. Thou'rt welcome as the May-flower—though
thy locks
Have a Decemberish look.
Penpont. How's Simon Graeme
Of Kittlenaket?—e'en gaun leaping round
Amang the dames, and wi' a touch o' the hand
And word i' the ear making their cheeks the hue
O' the rose in July. That's a gallant trade,
And of old standing. I maun look and sigh— (*Sings.*)

> Though I be auld and doited now,
> And though my pow be bell'd aboon;
> Yet I hae been upon a day
> The pride of a' the parishen.

Graeme. Come, cast aside thy bonnet and thy staff,
And throw to care complaint about grey locks;
There's mirth in thee might win a widow's heart:
Faith, late I saw thee leaping rafter high,
And calling loud, "Maids look at sixty-eight."
Pen. Thou'rt one o' the choice spirits o' the earth;
Lend me thy nief—thou keepest mirth and humour
Alive amang us;—but for Simon Graeme,
Our converse would be controversy;—and mirth
Would have an end. Gude keep the blythe good man
Of Kittlenaket from the hapless gift
Of preaching and expounding—and keep too (*To Mark*)
Sic gifts from Mark Macgee: I've seen the day
Thou wert a sinful smiler, and a singer
Of sappy sangs, such as make merry maids
Look through their lily fingers, and cry "fye."

Macgee. So thou art laughing yet: could I but catch thee
Singing a psalm tune seriously—'twere mirth
Might serve for seven year.
Penpont. 'Faith, men grow lean
On prayer alone: I never knew but one
Who wax'd the lustier for't; Sue Sighaway,
Of Cummertrees, who pray'd—See! Simon, see!
Well done, my merry masters—'faith, ye set
My frozen blood a moving, and I think (*Sings.*)

If a' my duds were off,
And nought but hale claes on;
O, I could wooe a young lass
As well as a wiser man.

SCENE IV. *Farm House continued.*

Enter Sir Marmaduke Maxwell, *and* Mary Douglas, *the latter in a rustic disguise.*

Sir M. My love, thou'rt lovelier in thy russet dress,
Thy trim busk'd bodice, thy corn braided locks,
Than in thy garments shower'd with gold and pearl.
Once every year when this sweet hour comes round,
Thou'lt pluck the diamonds from thy inky locks;
Cast off thy robes with riches in their hem
Might buy a baron's land; array thee in
This modest russet, and with him thou lovest
Thus enter to the dance.

Mary Douglas. Now hearken, love;
Among the snooded maidens, name me not;
Nor 'mongst the white-mutch'd dames.
Graeme. Now such a sight
Might render old eyes young, and pluck the crutch
From cripples. My young lord, thrice blessed be
Thy gentleness, and blessed too this maid
Who has so white a hand. Room! ho, there! room!
And, minstrel, waken thou thy merriest string;
Room, there! room! This proud night shall be hallowed.
Sir M. Is this thy wife, kind Simon? We shall make
Thy hall roof wag to its remotest raft:
Thou'rt welcomer than joyous-eyed fifteen.

Enter Halbert Comyne.

Com. (*Aside.*) So this is she who wears the russet gown?
I know her by the motion of her foot;
Those inky ringlets on her ivory neck,
Moving and shedding with her sugar breath.
Move not thy hand so; there is magic in't;
Nor look on me with those dark eyes, lest thou
Make my heart's rancour kindlier than new milk.
Lovest thou this cream-curd stripling? hast thou vow'd
Thy beauties to a ballad-maker's pen?
Reap not this green unprofitable ear,
Leaving the ripe ear to a meaner sickle;
Nor pull the green fruit, when the full fair bough
Stoops down its golden harvest to thy hand.
(*To her*) Where grows the corn this snowy hand must cut?

The flocks, where go they which these dark eyes tend?
Where stands the shealing thou dost trim at eve,
And deck with thy rare beauty?
Mary Douglas. Simon Graeme,
Here is a reaper, and a cattle keeper,
A trimmer too of cottages, a hind
Skilfûl in cream and curd: hast thou ripe corn
Untouch'd by sickle? straying herds, which lowe
Upon the mountain green?
First Hind. Lord, Robin! look;
Know'st thou this bonnie maiden? May I ne'er
Stride 'tween plow stilts again, or with my foot
Tread down the fresh-turn'd furrow, if I e'er
Saw such a pair of een.
Second Hind. My certe, lad,
She's come o' nae skimm'd milk, nae kilted kimmer,
With a cog o' kitted whey; she is a pear
That grows too lofty for thy reach; her locks,
Gemm'd in their native gloss, like the bright wing
Of a Caerlaverock raven, wore, last night,
More diamonds than the bloom'd broom drops of dew.
First Hind. Dew-drops an' diamonds! comes she o' the blood
That wore the sinful leaf? then sinful man
May speak to corrupt woman.
Sir M. Maxwell. What is this?
What crimsons thus thy temple lilies?
Mary Douglas. Come,
O come away, for something evil haunts us. (*Exeunt.*)
Com. Away, thou rose-lipp'd temptress! thou hast made

My steel'd heart softer than the sweet maid's eyes
When her love leaves her.° Thou hast fled from me
As ring-doves fly when the dark eagle's wings
Are hung in heaven; but I shall suck thee down,
As the serpent sucks the song lark when he sings
Aneath the morning-star. That thou art lovely,
I have not seldom sworn; that I love thee,
I have some such suspicion. Cursed fool!
Has thy heart grown into white curd, that maids'
Soft hands can mould it thus? Away, away,
Thou painted piece of loveliness, away!
I go to win a noble game to-night,
Where coronets are play'd for.——
Now he who wears the bauble which I covet,
Wears too my mother's image; and the blood
That reddens in his veins and mine is mix'd
Past my sword's separation. These are times
When kindred blood is like cold water. Men
Ask God to guide their weapons, ere they bore
The breasts that warm'd them. With a few smooth words
O' the saints they soothe their consciences, and let
Their swords be bound or loosen'd by the tongue
Of some shrewd sly enthusiast; one who makes
The words of men slay far more bodies, than
The Scripture saves of souls. I do not league
With men who use my strength and sword, and wear
The glories which I toil'd for; who give me
The bloody ambush, and the dubious field,

And keep themselves power, gold, and pastures green:
I'll share with none my doom or my redemption. (*Exit.*)

Mac. Now, Simon Graeme, I'll put my bonnet on;
My heart is sadly out of sorts; I'll home,
While the young maids are laughing.

Graeme. Mark Macgee,
Thou hast a look that stays entreaty's tongue,
Else I should tempt thee with some rare device
O' rustic wit. We lack not here a hind,
Who wraps a soul of humour in a grave
And curious aspect. Soon shall he come in,
Palsied with seeming age; his hoar locks hung
Thin on his temples; crooked will he seem,
And tottering on a crutch. Straight will he look,
As some fiend chased him; and he'll sorely wail
The wilfulness of flesh. The kirk's rebuke,
Will be his theme; and he will sing, or say,
How the preacher rail'd against hot blood, and he
Promised amendment in such merry sort,
That the incensed and ancient dames leap'd up
And shower'd their psalm-books at him. Yet thou'lt go?
Then I'll take brand and bonnet straight, and see thee
Safe through Caerlaverock wood. (*Exeunt.*)

Pen. Now rise, my young men: faith, we're blythely rid
O' these wise saws and reliques of morality;
They rode like the night-mare on the neck of mirth.
Come, make thy thairms cheep merrier, man, and merrier:
What look'st thou sour for, man? thou 'gnarled staff
O' Cameronian crab-tree; thou betrayer

O' the godly psalm tune to the graceless legs
O' the wag and wanton. Thou makest the tup-thairm
Moan as if 't lay aneath the knife, and bringest
Sounds from the tombs, and dread of rotten bones:
I'd rather hear a peel'd skull preaching with
A shank-bone 'tween its teeth. Thy bread-winner
Sheds tears, positive tears, and wails like wind
'Mongst gibbeted bones. Now give him elbow-room,
My rosie quean, or me a kiss. Here, man,
Taste thou this tass o' sinful spirit; 'twill put
A living tongue atween a deadman's lips.
Come, turn the bottom of the cup to the moon,
Astride 'twill set thee on her highest horn.
It simmers 'mang the dry dust o' thy throat:
Thou drinkest most devoutly. Up, maids, up!
Here is a fiddler with inspired strings.

Musician. What tune wilt have? Shall I play, "Kiss me fast,
My mother's coming;" or, "Sweet Nelly Wemyss;"
Or, "Oh to be married, if this be the way?"
I'll make my tight strings speak o' thy old tricks,
As plain as Mess John did i' the Session book.

SCENE V. *Caerlaverock Wood.*

SIMON GRAEME *and* MARK MACGEE.

Gra. Put hot haste from thy footsteps; there's no lack
Of my stiff joints upon my hall floor. Hark!
The abounding din of merry feet, the loud

And rising note o' the fiddle! Let us have
An hour of moon-light converse, and our path
Shall be where few frequent.

Macgee. Let's have grave talk;
'Tis night's sedatest hour, even drowsy twelve.
Forsake this footpath for the soft greensward:
I love the greenwood better than the road
Where knights show golden spurs.

Graeme. We'll seek the grove,
Where cushats love to breed in summer time;
The way is sweet as that to a maid's window.

Mac. Is this grave talk? Is this the hour of joy—
Hast thou forgot, man, 'twas e'en in this grove,
Some twenty years since,—by the heart o' corn,
One o' the Galloway gods, I doubt its nearer
The edge of twenty-five——

Graeme. Say twenty-eight;
And add some two to that: dates need not stay
The telling of a tale.

Macgee. 'Twas in this grove,
No matter in what year; 'twas summer time,
When leaves were green, and honeysuckles hung,
Dropping their honey dew: with a sweet one,
With locks of gold, and eyes of beaming blue,
Thou satest aneath a bush; this self-same thorn;
I know it by its shape and stately stem;
But it doth lack those fragrant tassels now,
That canopy of blossom, which hung o'er,
Enamour'd of her beauty.

Graeme. 'Tis the bush.

I have a reverence for thy meanest twig,
Thou fairest bush o' the forest.

Macgee. As thou satest
With her o' thy heart aside thee, there came one,
Booted and spurr'd, and spiced and perfumed o'er,
One might have smelt him o'er five miles of fen;
And by his left side sat a pretty sword,
And on his gentle hand there was a glove;
And he did pray thy fair one, for the sake
Of ancient blood and gentle kin, to leave
The rough rude rustics to their snooded dames.
How thou didst fume! and with a slender wand,
Of two years' growth, didst chase him, sword and all,
Even till he pray'd and panted.

Graeme. What is this?
Mercy in heaven! a new-made grave gapes wide
Unto the stars, and from some murderer's hand
Craves for its morsel.

Macgee. A deep grave, new dug!
Dread God, but this is strange! The earth 's fresh turn'd,
And here are footsteps large.

Graeme. My friend, my friend,
This is hell's right-hand labour. Draw thy sword,
For God has sent us here.

Macgee. Staunch by thy side,
Even as I've done through life I'll do; as one——

Gra. Soft! soft! I hearken coming footsteps; see,
A faint light glimmering underneath the boughs!
Come, let us stand beneath this holly. Some

Shall find a corner in that grave themselves,
Who seek to fill it without leave of me.
(*Exeunt under the holly-tree.*)

SCENE VI. *Caerlaverock Wood.*

Enter HUBERT DOUGAN *and* NEAL; *the latter bearing the murdered body of Lord Maxwell, the former with a lantern.*

Neal. Hist! hear'st thou nought? or was't the deadman's hand
That shook the hazel bough? 'Tis a dreary place.
Yestreen I saw the new moon (*Chaunts.*)
Wi' the dead moon in her arm.
O for one drop of most unrighteous brandy!
I'm all as cold 's as corse.

Dougan. I wish thou wert one.
Can'st thou not rather sigh some scrap of prayer?
Thou'lt waken all the ravens. Some sad hind,
Whose lass a pedlar from his arms seduced
With a remnant of red ribbon, here perchance
Talks to the owl.

Neal. Prayer! I can mind no prayer,
Not even a shred, though I were doom'd for lack
To slumber with my back-load.—Curse thy haste;
I've spilt a mouthful of the rarest spirit
E'er charm'd the toothache.
One night our captain he did dream (*Chaunts.*)
There came a voice, which said to him,
Prepare you and your companie;
To-morrow night you must lodge with me.

Dougan. The den we dug for thy sweet back-load is
Grown solid ground again. I thought 'twas here,
Under this blasted pine. Come, soft, man, soft!
Confound these honeysuckle twigs, they hang
Their tendrils in one's teeth.

Neal. One moon-light night as I sat high, (*Chaunts.*)
I look'd for one, but two came by;
The tree did tremble, and I did quake
To see the hole these two did make.

He's living, Hubert, he's living! his right hand
Has given me a staggerer i' th' teeth. Curse on
Hab Comyne's fears; we might have denn'd him deep
I' the marble floor, beyond a sleuth hound's scent,
Or cast him in the deep and silent sea.

Macgee. (*Aside.*) These are two fiends who haunt the saintly steps
Of covenanting Comyne. They work his will
When he but moves his finger.

Graeme. They've brought work
Of murder's shaping: stay, let us list all,
And eke their broken utterings together;
And run the track of murder's foot till 't reach
The threshold o' the plotter.

Neal. Hubert, I hear
Men's tongues—nay, stay, 'tis but a mouse i' the grass;
And yet mine ear shaped it like human speech.

Dougan. And what o' that? a mouse may chirp like a man;
A dead lord's hand lives when the green bough waves it.
Fear is a bogglish follower. Here's the grave;

Measure it, lord ;· feel if it's cut to fit thee.
Hab Comyne swore thou wert but a sad lord,
And a most sorry beadsman. From his hands
Thou hadst a passage to heaven, bloody and brief.
And yet thou braved us nobly. When thou saw
The rude steel near thee, I see yet thine eye
Lighten as thou smote the foremost. Oh thy look,
As thy shrieking lady saw thee ; it might make
The stars burn down from heaven, and the clear
moon
Descend from the sky, that men might see to hunt
Us to destruction.

Neal. Thou wilt preach about it,
Uttering fine words and sayings, sugar smooth,
Till the wild birds will learn to sing the tale ;
The stupid owl to whoop it in day-light;
And the chased hart will couch upon the grave,
That men may find out murder.

Dougan. Coward priest,
Why didst thou leave the pulpit? Thou didst drown
Thy fears in foaming flagons ; didst awake
With lewd song and wild riot the bright sun
That rose, nor shamed thee ; thou didst find thy love
Among the dames whom even seafaring men
Shunn'd like the whirlpool ; and thou didst blaspheme
Till profanity grew sick. Fly from my sight,
Nor stay where brave men are. To thee I speak not;
But with my heart I commune, where I find
What sickens contemplation : curdling blood
Will smell i' the nose of justice, smother'd 'neath

All the Siberian snow. To mine eyes come,
From the earth's centre, arm'd and fiery shapes;
Cherubim's blades are bared. Beneath my feet
The grass seems growing daggers. No more now
I'll look that way—no more.

Graeme. Look this way then,
Damn'd murderer; 'tis the last time thou wilt look
An honest man i' the face.

Dougan. What devil art thou?
If thou'rt not framed of sterner stuff than man,
Thou'lt howl beneath this steel. (*Draws his sword.*)

Graeme. Now, Hubert Dougan,
Stand from that noble corse: I will not mix
The holy blood that dyes his garments through
And stains the grass, with the rank gore that makes
The fires of hell so grim. So thus I greet thee. (*Fight.*)

Macgee. I know thee well; and all who see thy face
Shrink back, and say, a villain. Curse the sea
That spared thee for such havoc! Now go howl
I' the fiery vault. Thy gentle master soon
Shall wail and quaff the liquid fire with thee.
(*Fight; Neal falls.*)

Graeme. Thy look is noble. I war not on souls.
Wilt thou not yield thee? Then say one brief prayer,
Or have at thy heart, for sin has sore subdued thee.

Doug. I yield not till steel makes me; prayer, to me,
More terrible is than thou. My life has been
Spent in war's stormy surge, and peace and prayer
Are matters of strange name: come, do thy best.
(*Fight; Hubert falls.*)

My curse now, Halbert Comyne, on thy name!
O! I shall meet and beard thee, in the den
We're doom'd to dwell in, and our strife shall be
Eternal as our torments. (*Dies.*)

Graeme. Mark Macgee,
Now may this night o' the year be mark'd and cursed
With earth and ocean storm; be the sick air
Thick of blue plague; the dew be curdled blood;
May cities quake, and the foundation stones
Of holy temples shake like leaves on waters;
May unbless'd bones of murderers walk the earth;
The fiery shapes of those too hot i' the pit,
Troop to and fro, visible to men's eyes.
Here is a proud star cast from the high heaven,
And no lights left behind. (*Looking on Lord Maxwell.*)

Macgee. As a fair tree,
There liest thou, smote and stricken in the bud.
Thou wert to me the star to the mariner,
The soft sweet rind unto the tender tree.
We've dyed our lips with wild berries together.
Thou satest a worship'd thing i' the world; and thou
Didst wind all hearts about thee. May he rot
Till he infect the moon, he who has laid
Thy blessed head so low!

Graeme. My friend, leal friend,
Heaven has some fearful purpose in all this;
So let us not our swords draw rash, and shout,
Ho! Comyne, thou 'rt a murderer; thou hast slain
Thy cousin, and his wife, and gentle son,
Usurping their inheritance; and thou

Unworthy art to live. God has his time,
Even as the seasons have; and some dread sign
Seen by all men, and read by us alone—
Some sign on earth, dread, fearful, manifest—
Shall surely warn us, when that his revenge
Is ripe for innocent blood. So sheath thy sword,
And wear not thou thy purpose on thy brow.—
Now let us lay mute earth to earth, and go
In silence home,—stir with the lark, and seek
The castle-gate, and hear what ears may hear.

(*They bury the bodies, and exeunt.*)

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Cavern on the Galloway Coast.*

MABEL MORAN, *and Outlawed Royalists.*

Mabel. Hast thou look'd seaward? hast thou landward look'd?
And look'd to heaven? then say what thou hast seen.
First Roy. There is a strange commotion on the earth,
And trouble on the waters; heaven's whole stars
Stream seven-fold bright; a ruddy red one dropt
Down on Caerlaverock castle; lo! it changed
From its bright starry shape to a flaming shroud:
I heard a loud sob, and a funeral wail—
Flights of blood-ravens darken'd all the pines,
And clapt their wings, and seem'd to smell out prey:
I read the hour upon the chapel clock,
And I dared look no longer.
Mabel. Thou hast done
Wisely and well. Now, William Seaton, say
Didst thou sit on Barnhourie cliff, and watch
Sea-shore and heaven? then say what didst thou note.
Second Roy. A fearful cry came from the flood, a cry,
Between Caerlaverock and Barnhourie rock,
Of an unearthly utterance; every wave—
And they roll'd in heaped multitudes and vast—
Seem'd summited with fire. Along the beach

There ran a rushing wind; and with the wind
There came a voice more shrill than human tongue,
Crying "Woe! woe!"

Mabel. I thank thee, thou bright heaven:
The green ear's spared yet,—but the ripe is cut,
And by a villain's sickle. Brief's thy time,
Thou ruthless spiller of thy kinsman's blood:
A hand shall rise against thee, and a sword
Shall smite thee mid thy glory. For the sun
Shall walk but once from Burnswark's bonnie top
To lonely Criffel, till we hear a sound
Of one smote down in battle. Now, my friends,
There is a bright day coming for poor Scotland:
'T will brighten first in Nithsdale, at the hour
Foretold by our prophetic martyr, when
The slayers' swords were on him. Now be men:
Gird to your sides your swords; rush to the flood;
To the good work of redemption. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II. *Coast of Galloway.*

Enter Sir Marmaduke Maxwell, Lady Maxwell, *and Outlawed Royalists.*

Sir M. Kind, gallant strangers, thanks; you were our friends
In a most perilous moment.

First Royalist. Thy best friends
Were God and thy good sword, for thou madest us
But idle lookers on.

Second Royalist. I tell thee, youth,
I have seen gallant knights' unhorsed, and I
Have crack'd my spear upon a prince's mail:
And I've seen tried men start when the foe's sword
Came like a thing loved blood. But by St. Andrew
Thou'rt made of peerless stuff. I ne'er saw one
That leap'd so dauntless in the fearful gap
Which gapes 'tween life and death. Thou'rt forged for war,
For thou art fashion'd of a thunder-bolt,
And thy sword's living fire. What's thy name?

Sir M. He that has nothing in this wide bad world,
No roof to put his desolate head aneath,
No sheltering place from the pursuer's sword,
Nothing he loves he evermore shall see,
Nothing but his weak sword and hapless self,
Has no use for a name.

First Royalist. By Charles's blood,
(Dost thou start youth!) I love thee for that speech;
And I will seek a noble name for thee.
These seven long summers have I lived in strife:
At times arm'd, watching on the mountain tops;
Sometimes asleep in caverns, with mail'd brow,
And bared blade in my hand; and oftentimes,
Even glad of such diversity, I've rode
Where steeds were rushing on the splintering spears,
And lofty crests were stooping, gaining gashes
O'er which bright eyes have wept. But only one
Of all men I have led to fight or follow'd—
But only one seem'd born to be obey'd;
But one alone could like a god mould hearts

In valour's heavenly warmth. Thou art his son;
Welcome, Sir Marmaduke Maxwell.

Sir Marmaduke. Noble sir,
If thy right hand hold charity with wretchedness;
If thou dost reverence noble birth, or lend'st
Thy hand to the oppressed one, and turn'st
Thy sword on the oppressor; O! if thou
Hast ever knelt to beauty, e'er gazed back,
As thou didst spur thy courser on the spears,
To the land where dwelt thy loved one, pity us:
For I have lost a noble father, and lost
Him by a villain's hand.

Second Royalist. What! Halbert Comyne's?
I know him well; we've breasted steeds together
On a field far from this: and well I know him
For one as brave as ever spurr'd to battle;
And I know too I would not choose to wear
The head he dream'd to cleave——

First Royalist. There are some fearful tidings in the wind;
There are hot coursers spurring to and fro;
Musters of armed men; and summon'd chiefs
Begin to wear blank looks. I tell ye, friends,
I dream'd yestreen that crafty Cromwell lay
Even in the death-pang: see now, here comes one,
To tie my faith to dreams.

Enter Page.

Page. Sir William Seaton!
My Lord Protector 's gone upon a journey,
Where, the elect know not.

Third Royalist. Northward belike,
For here sits Monck as crafty as a spider
I' the middle of his mesh.

Page. Some hotter clime
'Tis thought he seeks; he has had cold fits of late.

First Roy. Come, cease thy riddling; he *is* dead; I knew
This gladsome tale some hours since: I know too
Our monarch's navy, thick with shining helms,
Will soon stand for the coast. Come, draw your swords,
Soldiers of good King Charles, and shout and kneel,
And let us vow a vow.

Second Royalist. Aye, let us vow
To strike Caerlaverock cope-stone to the moat,
And in its place set Halbert Comyne's head.

First Royalist. We must our steps choose warily.
Halbert Comyne
Appears commission'd to blunt his sharp sword
On the bosom bones of loyal men who love
The ancient line of their anointed kings.
Now, gentle lady, deep in yon green wood
Stands the lone shealing of a dame far famed
For cunning skill by shepherds. This shrewd page
Shall guide thy footsteps at the day-dawn, lady;
She is a dame, tender, and tried, and true.

Sir M. We know this sage dame; she's as true as light
Unto the morning. Honour'd lady-mother,
An angel has forsook our house, and now
The fiend inhabits there.

Lady Maxwell. My son, my son,
When tear-drops fall from heroes, we may look
For women's eyes to weep. Bury thy grief

Deep in thy bosom, and let maiden's cheeks
Wear tears, not thine. Now mark and mind my words:
The way of glory narrow is, and straight;
That of ambition, short, and bright, and broad:
Touch glory, and thy hands shall seem as snow
Ere it hath reach'd the earth. Whoso doth touch
Ambition's finger, yea, or kiss the hem
Of her far-flowing robe, shall smell of blood
As far as from the green earth to the moon.
Thou art the last of an illustrious line;
And there is spilt blood on thy father's floor.—

(*Exit Lady Maxwell.*)

Sir M. Yes, there is spilt blood on my castle floor,
Blood dearer far than flows in my sad heart,
Dearer than aught that 's dear to me on earth:
The avengement of that blood shall be a tale
While Criffel keeps its stance, while gentle Nith
Flows at its foot. Old men shall hold their hands
Toward Caerlaverock castle, and relate
To their grandchildren how it came to pass.

SCENE III. *Caerlaverock Hall.*

HALBERT COMYNE.

Comyne. Fresh smells the air of morning; and I see
Red in the eastern heaven. 'Tis some hours now
Since I have wash'd my hands, yet none return
From the good greenwood and the deep wide sea,
To greet me with good tidings. Hubert! Hubert!

Thou that dost errands swift as thunder doth,
Why lingerest thou? What! has the green ground gaped
And swallow'd them up too? Even the yare sea,
That ne'er refused the bloodiest offering, keeps
Present and giver both. O! this doth mix
Perdition in my sugar'd cup. Now, now
I hear the sound of coming feet—no, no;
Cursed wind, this is thy mockery; mayest thou
Ne'er slumber 'mongst the odorous violets more,
But sleep on rotten fens. Now I must wear
The aspect of amazement and strange horror:
Terror must seem to sway my tongue, and straight
Must fearful words escape it. I must call
With the voice of one who sees some fearful shape,
To which creeds give no credence. Tut—no more;
I shall wear looks that might seduce the stars
To shoot down for mere pity.—Ho! awake!
Awaken! rise! or sleep till the sharp steel
In murderers' hands invade you. Will you sleep
Till the blood of slaughter'd bodies flood your couches?
Awake! or drowse till doomsday. Haste, oh haste!
Ring the alarm bell! let the trumpet sound
Till it shakes down the cedars!

Enter SERVANTS.

First Servant. What, oh what,
Means this most fearful summons?

Comyne. Thou blank fool,
Thou slumbering coward, may perdition seize
Those that can slumber now! Yet thou couldst sleep

At the loud thunder's elbow! Haste, now haste!
Warn all the warlike vassals of thy lord!
Saddle the fleetest steeds! Dost tarry still?

Sec. S. What, in the name o' the eagle and the rood,
Calls for this sudden summons?

Comyne. Thou sleepest yet,
Thou creature made up in a hasty moment;
Now, by the blood of thy good lord that reeks
Yet on the sword that shed it, I'll make thee
The ravens' meat.

Enter Women.

First Woman. Now what means a' this din?

Com. My bonnie maid, thine eyes are sparkling yet
With dreaming of caresses. My old dame,
Bind up thy gray locks, and go to thy prayers:
Hast thou been revelling late? Can sixty years
Be tempted like sixteen?—Foh!

Second Woman. Me, sir! me, sir!
A king on a throne—a preacher o' the word—
Nay, even the laird of Collistown himself,
Laird of three miles o' moorland, shouldnae tempt
A dame sedate as me: my certe! tempted?

Comyne. Not armed yet, you tardy rustics! Arm!
Mount! spur! the spoiler has fallen upon your house,
And I alone am left: come, mount and follow.

Second Servant. I'm arm'd; and, Halbert Comyne, swift as thine
My steed shall fly; as sharp shall smite my sword;
So let us hasten:—who has done this deed?

Where is my lord, and my thrice honour'd lady,
And young Sir Marmaduke?

Comyne. All dead and gone!
'Twas at the morn's third hour—Be those slaves arm'd?
I heard a shriek; and, ere I rose, a groan
Came from a dying man.—I snatch'd my sword,
Flew down the stair, and, lo! the hall was full
Of armed men, and they had slain thy lord,
Ta'en captive his fair lady and her son.

Second Servant. Oh, words of woe! who can have done this deed?

Comyne. They were all men of evil mien, all arm'd
With brand and dagger, and, in desperate deeds,
Skilful they seem'd; and they were closely swathed
In dark gray mantles; o'er their brows were pull'd
Their plumed bonnets, while to the full moon
They held their brands, and mutter'd chosen scraps
Of Scripture threatenings, and to bloody meaning
Did turn each spotless word. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV. *Cumlongan Castle. Morning.*

Mary Douglas *and* May Morison.

Mary Douglas. Come hither, maiden;—dost thou know a tree,
A high green tree, upon whose leafy top
The birds do build in spring? This tree doth grow
By the clear fountain, on whose virgin breast
The water lily lies. There the pale youth,

Sick in his summer beauty, stoops and drinks:
Grave matrons say, the waters have strange virtues,
Which this green tree drinks through his veins, and wide
To the joyous air he spreads his balsam'd bough.
Thou know'st it not.

May Morison. Lady, I know it rarely;
Far up the straight stem of this lovely tree
The honeysuckle climbs, and from its boughs
Flings down its clusters, till the blossoms wreathe
The passers' foreheads. 'Tis the self-same tree
True lovers swear by. I have three of its leaves
Sew'd i' the hem o' my kirtle. 'Neath its bough
Thou left'st thy snood, to greet Lord Walter Maxwell,
When his fair son off-cap'd thee like a goddess.

Mary Douglas. Cease, cease, thou know'st it; now be swift, and haste
Unto this tree. Fly like a bird that leaves
No stamp of its wing upon the yielding air;
Its centre stem shoots as 't would say, Ye stars,
I'll stop when I'm among you.—See if this
Be shorn in twain by fire; and if two names,
Carved curious i' the bark, are razed out
By the lightning's fiery bolt.

May Morison. Lady, I'll go,
And come as the Scripture-dove did, when she bore
Tidings of happy sort. (*Exit.*)

Mary Douglas. Can there be truth
In the dreams of night? To the airy semblances
Of possible things can I glew on belief
Firm as my creed? for the night visions oft

Take their complexion from our troubled thoughts;
And yet wise ones have said, to favour'd men
The future woes are vision'd forth and shaped
By heavenly hand and gentle. Thus sad things
Come softly on the mind, as the dove's down
Drops on the tender grass. Though my mind 's not
Hoodwink'd with rustic marvels, I do think
There are more things i' the grove, the air, the flood,
Yea, and the charnel'd earth, than what wise man,
Who walks so proud as if his form alone
Fill'd the wide temple of the universe,
Will let a frail maid say. I'd write i' the creed
Of the hoariest man alive, that fearful forms,
Holy or reprobate, do page men's heels;
That shapes too horrid for our gaze stand o'er
The murder'd dust, and for revenge glare up,
Until the stars weep fire for very pity.
If it be so, then this sad dream, that shook
My limbs last night, and made my tresses creep
As crested adders, is a warning tongue,
Whose words deep woes will follow.

Re-enter May Morison.

May Morison. Hearken, lady:
On the tree top two cushat doves are cooing;
At its green foot two wanton hares are sporting;
A swarm of brown bees cluster on its stem,
And loud 's their swarming song. No leaf is touch'd.
The tree looks green and lovely.

Mary Douglas. Thou deservest

A silken snood for this. Now tell me, maiden,
Hast thou e'er dream'd sweet dreams that came to pass,
And hast thou faith in them, as in the vows
Which youths of seventeen breathe?

May Morison. Dreams! I have dream'd
Such things would win a gentle lady's ear,
Wrought in a tender ballad. Faith in them
I venture little. For of empty shrouds,
And coffins too, I've dream'd, and graves that gaped
For the neat length of my little body, lady.

Mary Douglas. But hast thou ne'er dream'd that at evening, which
The morrow's sun reveal'd before it set?

May Morison. Since I was sixteen, I have dream'd such dreams,
'T would take no slender wisdom to expound them.
I've dream'd of gentle kisses—kisses ne'er
Have touch'd my lips, except perchance i' the dark,
A twilight smack or two; but these none saw,
And are not worth the counting. I've dream'd too,
Of trooping 'midst bride-favours, to the sound
Of dulcimer and flute; on my head, too,
I've dream'd the bride's hose fell; yet, I am here,
As single as a neighbourless stocking. None
Ask the kind question which all maidens long for.

Mary D. I ask for dreams, and thou givest me a history.

May Morison. The best o' my dreams is coming. Late last night,
I dream'd I met with the dear lad o' my heart
By a green bank, where the rich violets blush'd,

Expecting to be press'd. I 'woke with joy; then fell
In pleasant sleep again, and straight I dream'd
I heard my name call'd i' the kirk, and loud
Rose the crowds' shouting, as I swept along
Beside my gallant bridegroom. I had on
Your gown of satin, with the golden flounce,
The bonnet, too, you promised me, all deck'd
With pearls, at least; and proud I look'd; and so
The bridal bed was made, and I was laid
Atween the lily sheets.

Mary Douglas. Come, come, no more—
The gown I'll give thee, and the bonnet too,
Sown all with Solway pearl. To these I'll add,
When this dream proves no mockery, snowy sheets,
As white as those which visited thy sleep.
Lo! who come here? men who have urged their way
Through flood and forest; at their bosoms hang
Leaves, rent from boughs in passing. Simon Graeme,
Why all this show of steel?—Haste, fearful haste,
Seems in thy steps, and sad news on thy tongue.

Enter Halbert Comyne, Simon Graeme, Mark Macgee, *Servants and Shepherds.*

Graeme. News, gentle lady! news of that sad sort,
To turn thy cheek-rose pale, and make the tears
Course down the snow o' thy bosom.

Mary Douglas. Tell, oh, tell me!

Graeme. Ask Halbert Comyne, beauteous lady; he
Can picture forth this tragedy in words
That may make murder look less hideous, and

Blanch it like boulted snow. For he is versed
In those soft soothing words, that take the taint
From deeds that smell to the moon.

Comyne. Peace, peasant, pe ace
Weep, gentle lady, there is done a deed
That renders day-light hideous; makes the mother
Her baby dash i' the dust, lest its soft hand
Should fumble with a dagger; that doth call
From the creation's centre to high heaven,
With a voice more audible than thunder. Our castle
Is sack'd. Our good lord, and fair lady, with
Their only son, and all that could bear brand,—
Yea, even my men, whose nerves were nerves of steel,
Are swept from 'neath the sky, and I alone,—
Though I sought death, and with my broad sword bared
Follow'd them to the wood, and strove to smite
Some of the boldest,—I alone am left
To tell the tale and weep. (*Mary Douglas faints.*)

Macgee. Life's roses fade;
And see, the lily o' death grows i' the place.—
Water! bring me water.

Graeme. Low thou liest,
My beauteous fair one; my keen plowshare ne'er
Shared violet half so lovely. Take these drops,
Pure from the spring, they are not half so pure
As thy most lovely self.

Macgee. The rose, whose lips
The dew hath never tasted—the chaste lily
That hid its bashful bosom from the sun,

But look'd sedate unto the modest star,
Seem'd ne'er to me so beautiful and spotless.

Graeme. Now all hear this—if this sweet lady dies,
Then I wait not for sign of heaven, or word,
To draw the sword of vengeance. My right hand
Shall swiftly smite and sure. Oh! gaze again;
Thou piece of chaste perfection, gaze again.

Comyne. Peace, varlet, peace! Deem'st thou this lady is
Some slippery dame, whose tardy sense swift cups
Have newly overtaken?

Graeme. Halbert Comyne;
An hour of sin—an age of deep repentance—
If such be heaven's will; but make not now,
From this maid's sorrow, matter for thy mirth.

Mary Douglas. Where is my love, that I may stretch myself
By him, and call for swords of cherubim?
Oh! is he slain, or lost in the wild sea,
The ruthless sea, where shrieking pity's tongue
May reach not? Stand ye there—and are ye men,
And nursed at women's breasts, while my true love
Is torn away by traitors? There's a time—
So lay it to your hearts, and think of it—
When for each hair torn from his precious locks,
For every drop shed from his bleeding body,
For every sigh he utter'd—for each pang
That he endured, and for each tear shed for him
By maids' or matrons' eyes, a strict account
Will be demanded. But I speak to men

With eyes of marble, and with hearts of flint.

Comyne. Of whom speak'st thou, my fair one? In
the strife
I saw Lord Maxwell's life-blood on the floor:
His son smote sore and carried swift away;
Bound with his weeping mother. They are now
Beyond the sight of mercy's weeping eyes.

Graeme. O'er this dread night a woeful mystery hangs,
Which God will take away. For we have sought them
By the wide fathomless sea—by the green wood
Upon the sea sand, and the lily lea;
Nor step, nor trace of man may we espy:
O'er this dread night an awful mystery hangs,
Which God will in his own time take away.

Comyne. Farewell! fair lady; may I hope a time,
When for my kinsmen I've sung dool—and ta'en
Some of their state on mine unworthy shoulders—
To kneel and offer my poor service to thee;
For tears will dry up like last morning's dew,
And grief itself grow gentler; and the sobs,
Which give such awful grace to beauty's woe,
Will stop no more the current of free speech.

Mary Douglas. Oh! Halbert Comyne—tarry, Halbert
Comyne;
Now let mine arms come never from thy neck:
Turn me, turn him, into the desolate world.
Take, lord, the rich earth from the east to west,
And own all that the sun doth look upon;
Take tower and turret, and the sodded sheal;
Take all mine unsumm'd treasures—all that kings
Have given in honour of the Douglas name;

And we shall sojourn in the uttermost earth,
And never think of thee, save when we pray
For thine increase of glory. Halbert Comyne,
Give my true love to me.

Comyne. Thy speech errs much,
Thou gentle one. I do forgive thee, lady:
Thy brain is rapt and wandering, and thou dream'st
Of foes in firmest friends.

Graeme. (*Aside.*) My sword be swift:
For I shall sure hear thunder. God's fierce wrath
Might find an object here. In heaven above,
In earth beneath—the spacious air—the sea,
God gives my sword no signal. Shall I cease
My faith in the sign'd promise—things reveal'd;
And smite thee as a heathen smites, nor wait
For fire to aid my vengeance?

Com. Let's home from vain pursuit. Whoever found
The mark of the eagle's wing on the soft air
He soar'd through, when he left the ravish'd dam
Running on the hill-top bleating? Lady, adieu!
Now let your steeds taste the sharp whip and rowel,
Till the flinty roads yield fire. Tardy rustic!
By heaven, the boor wears disobedient looks.

Graeme. I am a plain blunt man, good sir, and lack
Those honey'd words which make the sour taste sweet:
I love not sleeping in the dark, where dirks
Forget to keep their sheaths; or where the feet
Of the murderer wear strong wings, which waft him o'er
Moat and portcullis. I'm too small a bird
To peck with the gore-hawk.

Macgee. Can a man sleep safe

When the very air drops daggers? or close his lids
Beneath a roof doom'd to prove heaven's hot fire
Is an avenger yet?

Comyne. Rude churls, remain.
I lack not such thick-blooded spirits as you:
Yet lay my words to heart. Do not be found
Shedding tongue-venom in our peasants' ears;
Else yon grim raven, which now croaking flies
From us toward Caerlaverock, he shall share
Your quarters with the hounds. (*Exit.*)

Graeme. Go! Halbert Comyne!
Lord of the gentle deed, and gentle look;
Thou hatest blood as yon black raven doth
Now croaking after thee.

Mary Douglas. (*To Graeme.*) Farewell! farewell!
I thank you for your pity: you have wound
Around my heart. I fain would call you friend:
For there be few friends in this ruthless world. (*Exit.*)

Shepherd. 'Tis pitiful we've lost our own good lord.
But Halbert Comyne has the looks win hearts:
And he is gentle as the sleeping sea,
Meek as a May-morn 'fore the lark is up;
He'll make a right good master. How do sheep
Sell in Lochmaben market? does the black
And brocket breed excel the silk-fleeced brood
Of the auld stock o' Tinwald?

Graeme. The auld stock
Of Tinwald-top for me. But, Halbert Comyne—
Why he's a thing worth worshipping, old man;
It breaks his heart to heir his kinsman's land:

He'd rather heir a dukedom. How he sighs,
Curses all sharp-edged swords, and vows henceforth
To deal in nought but daggers.

Shepherd. 'Faith! we're blest,
For he's a rare sweet gentleman. How now
Goes on the surgery of sheep, with tar
Instead of spell and charm, and watching them
With a peel'd wand of witch-tree. De'il have me,
If I like trusting to the wit of man.

Graeme. Why, Cromwell and the troops of the covenant
Are coming soon to empty your sheep-folds?
What charms can save your sheep from soldiers' teeth
I'd have you put in practice. Touching now
Sir Marmaduke, the peevish stripling—he
Play'd on the lute: 'twas deadly sin! and sang
Songs praising black-eyed girls—'twas treasonable!
And our good lord—I'll paint no farther—soon
May the Eternal loose my sword, and set
Free my right hand. This secret, on my soul
Sinks like a mill-stone; my heart says to me,
"Go, shout out the stern truth."

Macgee. Farewell, farewell,
My well-going plough I sang so oft beside;
My bonnie grays which drew so fair a furrow;
The joy to see the green corn blade arise
Which I had sown—the gray lark sang to see it;—
The holy joy that silent Sabbath brings,
When nought is heard, save the far-sounding psalm,
And sweet bells knelling kirkward. Oh! my lord.

Graeme. Let not thy wrath draw an unfated sword—
The hour is coming, and the right hand's ready
That shall avenge this deed. Make it a warning;
Even from Caerlaverock to the uttermost earth—
We'll spill his guilt-cup when it tops the brim,
And give him to perdition.

Macgee. Be it soon!
For, Simon Graeme, why should we stand and see
The murderer wipe his bloody sword, and smile,
Nor smite him to the dust,—in hope that heaven
Will call in thunder "Strike!" Oh! Simon Graeme,
Men may mistake the stars—the signs above
Are hard to understand, and all men read them
Even as their own wills list.

Graeme. Thou say'st the truth;
Yet thou but echoest me. Go, seek to stay
The rushing of that river; keep the sea
From leaping on the land—curb in yon sun
From his bright journey; and say to the wind,
Awake thou when I list. Lo! they run all
Their destined courses; and, they stay, but not
For mortal bidding—all the might of man:
Man, glorious man, who wears gold on his brow,
And steel in his right hand, can mock at them,
Not stay them—What is will'd will surely be;
God walks his way in silence, till his hour,
And then men hearken thunder. So, my friend,
Keep thy voice silent, and thy good sword ready—
Ere three days pass, such tidings will be heard
As ne'er were heard in Nithsdale. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE V. *Coast of Galloway.*

Enter Lady Maxwell, *and Page.*

Lady Maxwell. Woe! nothing but woe! I saw the
blood blades bare,
And my lord's head smote i' the dust. Had I
Clasp'd him unto my bosom, and look'd up—
And to their swords exposed my tender body,
And my voice melting ripe with woe,—implored
Mercy one moment, it had been in vain.
You winged ones, who carry swords to shape
God's retribution out—you holy spirits,
Who fly to the uttermost earth to shield good men
When murder's blade is bare; Oh! where were ye?
God's wrath burns not 'gainst murder, as the creed
For some wise purpose words it. The full moon,
Yea, and the tender stars, look'd on, and smiled,
While my lord's life-blood cried from earth, above
The cherubim's abodes.

Page. Here come two men;
Shepherds they seem; but let us hear them speak;
They may wear steel plates under their gray weeds.
Men are not what they seem. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Shepherds.

First Shepherd. Now, peace be here!
A floor of scented cedar! I say, give her
A floor of earth, and lay green rushes on it.

Second S. Floors of fine cedar! give her a tarr'd stick,
And a teat of tarry wool. She kens far more
Of smearing sheep, and clipping sheep, than dwelling
On bonnie boarded floors.

First Shepherd. Sad tidings, man!
Sad tidings, man—the douce dame of the glen,
Douce Mabel Moran lies at the last gasp.
Lang John Dargavel saw her wraith yestreen
Come like a gray mist round the hip o' th' hill.

Second S. We'll have a sample of sleety weather soon,
Rots and elf-arrows; Mabel will be miss'd.

First Shepherd. Speak low—speak low—it's barely safe to talk
O Mabel's gifts; gifts did I call them? Gifts
From the foul creature that divides the hoof,
And yet's not eatable. Dying did I say?
None born will brag they carried her feet foremost:
Many a fair form she's stretch'd on their last cloth,
And mickle burial wine she's drank—but she
Lives on, and will. I heard John Cameron say,
That sinful Mabel would leave this sad world
With a wild sugh—no coffin, and no shroud.

Second Shepherd. Prodigious man; but that is horrid.

First Shepherd. Now
Last night, our Jean, a fearless lassie, went
To watch old Mabel through the night. The dame
Said, Wait not with me, sweet maid, in this desart,
A fair form from the east will ere day dawn
Come here, and comfort me.

Second Shepherd. O fearful be't:
A fair form from the east—prodigious man!
But that is horrid. Satan, I dread thy wiles—
Satan, they say, among the maidens, comes
Like a fair youth that plays on pipe and tabor,
And sings most graceless pleasant ballads.—

Re-enter LADY MAXWELL *and Page.*

Now God be near us; here is the fair form
Come from the east too—wait on her yeresell;
I'm but the new-come shepherd, and shall e'en
Climb Criffel like a deer.

First Shepherd. Gomeral and gowk!
Run, and she'll turn thee to a fox, and turn
Herself into a hound, and hunt ye round
From Burnswark to Barnhourie. Gracious me,
She's cross'd the salt sea in a cockle shell,
A cast of slipper, or flown o'er the foam
O' the Solway, like a sheldrake.

Lady Maxwell. Youth, return;
I know one of these shepherds well; he'll lead me
To where the good dame lives. Take thou this token
To my fair son. It was his father's gift
Upon our bridal day. Say that I spake not;
But press'd it to my breast, as I do now,
And rain'd it o'er with tears. (*Exit Page.*

First Shepherd. This is a dame
From the Caerlaverock side, far kenn'd and noted;

She sits by Solway, and says "e'en be 't sae;"
And straight the waters roar, and duck the ships
Like waterfowl. 'Faith, we must speak her fair.

Sec. Shep. O! soft and fair; O! Saunders, soft and fair:
Who would take that sweet lady for a dame
That deals with devils? Sin has a lovely look.

First Shepherd. (*To Lady Maxwell.*) This is a bonnie morning, but the dew
Lies thick and cold; and there are kindlier things
To gaze on than the deep green sea. So come
With me—even Saunders Wilson, of Witchknowe,
For I love Mabel like mine own heart's blood;
Love her and all her cummers. Come and taste
The warm and kindly heart of corn and milk,
Which we poor hinds call porridge.

Second Shepherd. Bide ye there!
Ye might come home with me—but three o' my cows
Last week were elf-shot, and we've placed witch-tree
Above our lintel, and my Elspa's famed
For a looser o' witch-knots—one that can stay
Shrewd dames from casting cantraips. So belike,
Douce dame, ye would nae venture to my home,
And I can scarce advise ye.

Lady Maxwell. Willie Macbirn,
Thou art a kind and honest-hearted man:
I know who supper'd on thy curds and cream
Without thy invitation. They are nigh
Who scorn'd thy hollow stones and rowan wands,
And, in thy cow-house, drain'd thy seven cows dry,
And 'neath the cold moon's eastern horn who coost

A spell as thou cafnest screaming to the world,
To mark what death thou 'lt dree. Dost thou hear that?
Now shall I rid me of this babbling peasant. (*Aside.*)

Sec. Shep. I hope—oh! cannie, kind and fearful woman,
I hope ye joke. A stone of good fat cheese,
A ham whose fat will gleam to the rannel-tree,
I vow but I will send you. Death I 'll dree!
My conscience! kimmer, I should like to ken.

Lady M. Avoid the salt sea, and a bottomless boat.

Second Shepherd. Good Lord! now, Saunders Wilson, o' Witchknowe,
D'ye hear her? I ne'er dred such things before.

Lady Maxwell. Dread growing hemp: but dread it twisted more.

Second Shepherd. Hemp growing and twisted! diel maun I dread that.
I have been walking now these seven long years
On a bottomless pool, on ice a sixpence thick.

Lady Maxwell. But, chief beware——what sort of soul art thou?
Had I an errand on the wide salt sea,
Couldst thou walk on the water?

Second Shepherd. Walk on the water!
Were I five ell of wind, or a willie-wagtail,
Then might I swim like a sheldrake on the deep:
I 'll walk on 't when it 's paved with solid ice,
Or when the stone is bent from bank to bank,
Or when the cunning house of crooked timber,
Which men do call a boat, floats in the foam;
But I' m no spirit, or brownie, goblin, or wraith,

Nor will-o'wisp—a deil would do 't discreetly;
I am a sinful tender of sheep, good dame—

Lady M. Meet me at midnight, when the risen moon
Sits on yon hill. I 'll teach thy leaden feet
To tread o'er curled billows. Now, begone.

Sec. Shep. Tread on the curled billows! horrid be 't!
And amble stride-legs 'tween the foul fiend's horns!
These are sad pranks for Jenny Jink's goodman. (*Exit.*)

Lady Maxwell. Shepherd, thou seem'st to know me. I am one——
Be wise, and cease to know me; for my name
May bring thee pain and peril.

First Shepherd. Noble lady,
I am but a poor man; yet hair of thy head
I'll not see harm'd: some fearful woe, some grief
Fit to make dull eyes weep, hath turn'd thee thus.
O! there are awful changes in this world!
But I ask nought; and I can be as mute
As that grey stone; and I can draw too, lady,
For thy sake, a sharp sword. Here comes the dame,
Even reverend Mabel. Heaven be thy shield. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE VI. *A Wood on the Sea Coast.*

LADY MAXWELL *and* MABEL MORAN.

Mabel. Said I not soothly? May his murderous soul
Howl in the mirkest pit. Here have I sought
Mine old poor refuge. Thou shalt live with me:
For one kind shepherd brings me ewe milk cheese;
Another comes with the dried flesh of lambs;

A third doth give me new baked bread, and begs
A mild kind winter for his woolly flocks ;
Another comes with blankets and warm rugs,
Blesses himself, " Good Mabel, make my sheep,
Now worth scarce thirty pence, worth fifteen shillings
By the lamb fair of Lockerby ; the sum to thee
Is wondrous little, but to me 'tis large."
So live with me till this cloud passes by;
A golden day is coming. Here comes one,
A man mark'd for the sword ; I know his errand.

Enter Sir John Gourlay.

Sir J. This Scotch land is one desert; barren hills
Succeeding barren valleys, and the hinds
Look miserably poor. That men live here
I have some doubt, for what I 've seen are ghosts—
Soft! here 's an ancient dame of other days:
I 'd rather cross a culverin's mouth than meet her;
She looks beyond this world. Now in my way
She sets herself. There 's something in her looks
That pierces through me like a sharpen'd sword.

Mabel. John Gourlay, what wantest thou with Halbert Comyne ?

Sir John. Thrice reverend dame, I come to greet Lord Comyne ;
And I did think myself a stranger here,
'Tis my first foot in Scotland.

Mabel. Thou dost come
With golden tidings. Hearken what I say:
Seek thou for Halbert Comyne one day hence,
And thou wilt find him as that dust which thou

Dost carry on thy shoes. All, all his days
Are noted, number'd; and the wiles of man,
His might, his courage, or his cruelty,
Cannot contend with God. Now go thy way.
Yonder 's Caerlaverock turrets, o'er the pines,
And there lives Halbert Comyne.

Sir John. Ancient dame,
I have a reverence for thy hoary locks,
And crave thy blessing. Seest thou this gold mark?

Mabel. John Gourlay, curse the hour that thou camest here,
To feed Caerlaverock ravens—That 's thy blessing.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE VII. *Caerlaverock Castle.*

HALBERT COMYNE, *alone.*

Comyne. Three of these things were men whom nature made
In an hour of hottest haste, that she might frame
Her master-minds at leisure. Hubert Dougan,
Thou art mourn'd much, keen, quick, and fiery Hubert!
Yet thou wert thoughtful and thick-blooded grown,
And hadst compunctious fits. 'Tis well he 's gone,
For he had proud stuff in him; his sharp looks
Had more of equal in them than I wish'd:
And he was fickle as an April morn;
As changeable as a maiden in her teens;
And dangerous as a drawn dagger placed
In a moody madman's hand.

Servant. (*Entering.*) Please you, my lord,

A messenger all reeking in hot haste,
A messenger with gold spurs on his heels,
From plume to spur all soil'd with desperate travel,
Is come with princely greetings for your ear.

Com. Go guide him here. This world, this little world
Is given me now, to god me, or undo me;
And I have won it the way makes angels weep.
Yet I'm no murderer with a marble heart,
A scorner of grave maxims and sage saws,
Who seeks to win this world and lose the next,
And casts away the hope to sit and harp
By the hip of douce King David. There 's a time
My heart will cease to crow to mount my steed,
My brow will weary of its golden weight;
I'll cast my cuirass and my sword aside,
And kneel and vow that I am grown God's soldier;
And then will come our mantled presbyters,
And groan some sage saint-saying 'bout repentance;
And rank me with the elect, while some sweet maid
Will lay her white hand on mine old bald head,
And vow that I look wondrous at fourscore.

Enter Sir John Gourlay.

Sir J. Hear, Noble Sir! my Lord Protector greets you
Lord Warden of the Marches; and this letter
Reveals his wishes farther.

Comyne. What is this? (*Reads.*)
" From Richard Cromwell, Lord Protector, greeting."
(*Aside.*) How in the name of the fiend climb'd this soft
boy
To an eagle's perch like this? Thou unfledged thing,

To dare to mount December's darkest storm
On wings too weak for summer. Thou Protector?
Thou beardless school-boy, with a sword of straw,
And crown of new-pull'd rushes! Let me see:
"To our right trusty cousin, Halbert Comyne—
We greet you Warden of the Scottish March;
And of our troops from Tweed unto the Forth
We make you sole commander." This sounds well.—
Now, what 's your name? I 'm sure I 've seen your face,
And in a perilous place too.

Sir John. Of small note
Is my poor name—John Gourlay, of Giltford.

Com. What! Sir John Gourlay, who on Marston Moor
Soil'd the gilt coats of the gay cavaliers?
Sir John, thou'lt bear my standard, with a hand
Steeve as the temper'd steel. Now speed and spur,
Muster our troops, and rouse our rude dull rustics,
For arm'd rebellion halloos in the wind:
Monck sits in moody meditation here;
And cavaliers have put their feet in the stirrups,
And pluck'd their pennons up.

Sir John. Now, noble general,
I crave small thanks for telling a strange tale.
As I spurr'd past where yon rough oakwood climbs
The river-margin, I met something there—
A form so old, so wretched, and so wither'd,
I scarce may call it woman; loose her dress
As the wind had been her handmaid, and she lean'd
Upon a crooked crutch. When she saw me,
She yell'd, and strode into my path; my steed

Shook, and stood still, and gazed with me upon her:
She smiled on me as the devil does on the damn'd;
A smile that would turn the stern stroke of my sword
Into a feather's touch. I smoothed my speech
Down from the martial to the shepherd's tone,
And stoop'd my basnet to my saddle bow,
And ask'd for the castle of my good Lord Comyne;
Her eye glanced ghastly on me—and I saw
Aneath its sooty fringe the glimmering fire:
"Go seek thou Halbert Comyne one day hence,
Thou 'lt find him even as the dust which thou
Dost carry on thy shoes. His days and hours
Are number'd. Can the might and pride of man
O'ercome the doom of God?" I ask'd her blessing:
She smiled in devilish joy, and gave me quick
To feed Caerlaverock ravens.

Comyne. So that 's all;
For one poor plack she 'd dream thee a rare dream,
And crown thee Lord Protector for the half
Of a crook'd sixpence. These are old wild dames,
Who sell the sweet winds of the south to sailors,
Who milk the cows in Araby, and suck
The swans' eggs of the Tigris: they can turn
Their wooden slipper to a gilded barge;
Their pikestaff to a winged steed, that flies
As far as earth grows grass. They cast their spells
On green hot youths, and make the fond brides mourn.
I give them garments which the moths have bored,
And mouldy cheese—and so keep my good name,
And my hens on my hen-roosts. *(Exeunt.)*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Cumlongan Castle.*

MARY DOUGLAS *and* MAY MORISON.

May Morison. This grief 's a most seducing thing—all ladies
Who wish to be most gallantly wooed must sit
And sigh to the starlight on the turret top,
Saunter by waterfalls, and court the moon
For a goodly gift of paleness. Faith! I 'll cast
My trick of laughing to the priest, and wooe
Man, tender man, by sighing.

Mary Douglas. The ash bough
Shall drop with honey, and the leaf of the linn
Shall cease its shaking, when that merry eye
Knows what a tear-drop means. Be mute! be mute!

May Morison. When gallant knights shall scale a dizzy wall
For the love of a laughing lady, I shall know
What sighs will bring i' the market.

If love for love it mayna be, (*Sings.*)
At least be pity to me shown:
A thought ungentle canna be,
The thought o' Mary Morison.

Mary D. No tidings of thee yet—my love, my love;

Didst thou but live as thou camest yesternight
In vision'd beauty to my side, 'twere worth
The world from east to west.

May Morison. O lady! lady!
This grief becomes you rarely; 'tis a dress
That costs at most a tear o' the eye—the sweetest
Handmaid that beauty has. How thou wouldst weep
To see some fair knight, on whose helmet bright
A score of dames stuck favours—see him leave
His barb'd steed standing in the wood to preach
Thee out of thy virgin purgatory, to taste
The joys of wedded heaven. (*A knock heard at the gate.*)

Mary Douglas. See who this is
That knocks so loud and late. (*Exit May Morison.*)
Ye crowded stars,
Shine you on one so wretched as I am?
You have your times of darkness, but the cloud
Doth pass away; and you shine forth again
With an increase of loveliness—from me
This cloud can never pass. So now, farewell,
Ye twilight watchings on the castle top
For him, who made my glad heart leap and bound
From my bosom to my lip.

Enter HALBERT COMYNE.

Comyne. Now, beauteous lady,
Joy to your meditations: your thoughts hallow
Whate'er they touch; and aught you think on 's blest.

Mary Douglas. I think on thee, but thou 'rt not therefore bless'd.

What must I thank for this unwish'd-for honour?
Com. Thyself thank, gentle one: thou art the cause
Why I have broken slumbers and sad dreams,
Why I forget high purposes, and talk
Of nought but cherry lips.
Mary Douglas. Now were you, sir,
Some unsunn'd stripling, you might quote to me
These cast-off saws of shepherds.
Comyne. The war trump
Less charms my spirit than the sheep-boy's whistle.
My barbed steed stamps in his stall, and neighs
For lack of his arm'd rider. Once I dream'd
Of spurring battle steeds, of carving down
Spain's proudest crests to curious relics; and
I cleft in midnight vision the gold helm
Of the proud Prince of Parma.
Mary Douglas. Thanks, my lord;
You are blest in dreams, and a most pretty teller
Of tricks in sleep—and so your dream is told:
Then, my fair sir, good night.
Comyne. You are too proud,
Too proud, fair lady; yet your pride becomes you;
Your eyes lend you divinity. Unversed
Am I in love's soft silken words—unversed
In the cunning way to win a gentle heart.
When my heart heaves as if 't would crack my corslet,
I'm tongue-tied with emotion, and I lose
Her that I love for lack of honey'd words
Mary D. Go, school that rank simplicity of thine:

Learn to speak falsely in love's gilded terms;
Go learn to sugar o'er a hollow heart;
And learn to shower tears, as the winter cloud,
Bright, but all frozen; make thy rotten vows
Smell like the rose of July. Go, my lord;
Thou art too good for this world.

Comyne. My fair lady,
Cease with this bitter but most pleasant scoffing;
For I am come upon a gentle suit,
Which I can ill find terms for.

Mary Douglas. Name it not.
Think it is granted; go now. Now farewell:
I 'm sad, am sick—a fearful faintness comes
With a rush upon my heart; so now, farewell.

Comyne. Lo! how the lilies chace the ruddy rose——
What a small waist is this!

Mary Douglas. That hand! That hand!
There 's red blood on that right hand, and that brow:
There 's motion in my father's statue; see,
Doth it not draw the sword? Unhand me, sir.

Comyne. Thou dost act to the life; but scare not me
With vision'd blood-drops, and with marble swords;
I 'm too firm stuff, thou 'lt find, to start at shadows.

Mary D. Now were thy lips with eloquence to drop,
As July's wind with balm; wert thou to vow
Till all the saints grew pale; kneel i' the ground
Till the green grass grew about thee; had thy brow
The crowned honour of the world upon it;
I 'd scorn thee—spurn thee.

Comyne. Lady, scorn not me.

O! what a proud thing is a woman,, when
She has red in her cheek. Lady, when I kneel down
And court the bridal gift of that white hand
Thou wavest so disdainfully, why then
I give thee leave to scorn me. I have hope
To climb a nobler, and as fair a tree,
And pull far richer fruit. So scorn not me:
I dream of no such honour as thou dread'st.

Mary Douglas. And what darest thou to dream of?

Comyne. Of thee, lady.
Of winning thy love on some bloom'd violet bank,
When nought shines save the moon, and where no proud
Priest dares be present: lady, that 's my dream.

Mary D. Let it be still a dream, then; lest I beg
From heaven five minutes' manhood, to make thee
Dream it when thou art dust.

Comyne. Why, thou heroine,
Thou piece o' the rarest metal e'er nature stamp'd
Her chosen spirits from, now I do love thee,
Do love thee much for this; I love thee more
Than loves a soldier the grim looks of war,
As he wipes his bloody brow.

Enter Sir Marmaduke Maxwell, *unseen.*

Sir Marmaduke. (*aside.*) What! what is this?
She whom I love best—he whom I hate worst?—
Is this an airy pageant of the fiends?

Mary Douglas. (*Aside.*) Down! down! ye proud drops of my bosom, be
To my dull brain obedient. (*To Comyne.*) My good lord,

Much gladness may this merry mood of yours
With a poor maiden bring you. I thank you much
For lending one dull hour of evening wings
To fly away so joyous.

Sir Marmaduke. (*Aside.*) Mine ears have
Turn'd traitors to my love; else they receive
A sound more dread than doomsday. Oh! thou false—
Thou did'st seem purer than the undropt dew,
Chaste as the unsunn'd snow-drops' buds disclosed
Unto the frosty stars; and truer far
Than blossom to the summer, or than light
Unto the morning. And dost thou smile too,
And smile on him so lovingly? bow too
That brow of alabaster? Woman—woman.

Comyne. O! for a month of such sweet gentle chiding,
From such ripe tempting lips! Now, fair young lady,
As those two bright eyes love the light, and love
To see proud man adore them, cast not off
For his rough manner, and his unpruned speech,
A man who loves you. Gentle one, we 'll live
As pair'd doves do among the balmy boughs.

Sir Marmaduke. (*Aside.*) Painted perdition, dost thou smile at this?

Mary Douglas. This is a theme I love so well, I wish
For God's good day-light to it; so farewell.

Comyne. An hour aneath the new risen moon to wooe,
Is worth a summer of sunshine: a fair maid
Once told me this; and lest I should forget it,
Kiss'd me, and told it twice.

Sir Marmaduke. (*Aside.*) Dare but to touch

Her little finger, faithless as she is;
Yea, or her garment's hem——My father's sword,
Thou hadst thy temper for a nobler purpose;
So keep thy sheath: for did I smite him now,
Why men would say, that for a father's blood
Mine slept like water 'neath the winter ice;
But when a weak sweet woman chafed my mood,
And made sport of her vows, then my blood rose,
And with my spirit burning on my brow
I sprang wi' my blade to his bosom. So then, sleep
Fast in thy sheath. Before that lovely face,
Those lips I 've kiss'd so fondly, and that neck
Round which mine arms have hung, I could not strike
As the son of my father should.

Mary Douglas. Now, fair good night,
To thee, most courteous sir. I seek the chace
From dark Cumlongan to green Burnswark top,
With hawk and hound, before to-morrow's sun
Has kiss'd the silver dew. So be not found
By me alone beneath the greenwood bough;
Lest I should wooe thee as the bold dame did
The sire of good King Robert. (*Exit.*)

Comyne. Gentle dreams
To thee, thou sweet one: gladly would I quote
The say of an old shepherd: mayst thou dream
Of linking me within thy lily arms;
And leave my wit, sweet lady, to unravel 't. (*Exit.*)

Sir Marmaduke. And now there 's nought for me in this wide world
That 's worth the wishing for. For thee, false one,

The burning hell of an inconstant mind
Is curse enough; and so we part in peace.
And now for THEE—I name thee not; thy name,
Save for thy doom, shall never pass my lips—
Depart untouch'd: there 's something in this place
Which the stern temper that doth spill men's blood
Is soften'd by. We 're doom'd once more to meet,
And never part in life. (*Exit.*)

SCENE II. *Caerlaverock Castle.*

HALBERT COMYNE *and* SIR JOHN GOURLAY.

Comyne. And so the English cuirassiers are come
With Sir John Rashgill's spears?
Sir John. Not all, my lord;
Seven were left praying by the river side,
For it to stay like Jordan: and they 'll pray,—
For the cursed stream keeps running. And ten more
Sat singing "Stroudwater," by a living brook,
To the hundred and nineteenth psalm.
Comyne. No more, I say;
These men pray not more fervent than they fight.
Now, good Sir John, I have a gentle deed
For thee to do; nay, nay, 'tis no dirk work.
I'd have thee wear the sweet look of sixteen,
When it ventures first 'mongst maidens.
Sir John. Sword or speech,
My lord, are ready; I can work with both,
But brief—most wond'rous brief.

Comyne. The bravest men
Are oft the briefest—thou mayst be as brief
As a bride's prayer 'neath the blanket. But, Sir John,
She has a marvellous soft and winning way,
A sovereignty in her look, which melts
Flint hearts as wax; she eloquently moves
Hands of surpassing whiteness; and her tongue
'Twixt her lip-rubies is a thing can charm
The raven's voice to sing.

Sir John. 'Tis rarely painted.
Is she some mermaid of the flood, my lord,
That I must find to charm ye?—you 've described
A thing too hard to catch.

Comyne. She is no maid
Of the salt flood—but she 's the sweetest maid
On the green earth. In yon high turret, see,
O'er which the twin bright stars are travelling, where
The casements gleam so gallantly, she dwells.
Here glows the red wine, ready for her lips:
Here is a soft couch for her gentle limbs;
This arm shall be her pillow; and what more
Can a good soldier offer, kind Sir John?

Sir J. She 'll ask me for some token, good my lord,
Some antique ring, some rare and costly gem,
A dirty stone set deep in dirty gold;
Or she may have a love for bonnet pieces,
The coin o' her native country. Is she soft,
And will listen to sweet speech?

Comyne. Stay! take this ring;
And, for thy pains, take thou this purse of gold.

Nay, linger not to reckon it; begone. (*Exit Sir John.*)
This fellow has his price. I love him for 't;
He does the deed, and is paid. But he that doth
His right hand wash in my foe's heart, for love
Of shining with my rising, puts a bitt
Between my lips, and follows all my steps
With the halloo of hell. (*Exit.*)

SCENE III. *Cumlongan Castle.*

MARY DOUGLAS *and* MAY MORISON.

Mary Douglas. Bring me my page's mantle and plumed bonnet,
My little dagger with the golden hilt;
A breath of time is all that sunders me
From a life-time of dishonour.

May Morison. In the name
Of Meg Macnay, who shaped the winding sheet
Of her first husband and her second's shirt
At once from the same web, what hastes us now?

(*Sings.*) O! Mary, at thy window be,
This is the wish'd, the trysted hour. (*Exit.*)

Mary D. A strange bold courage buoys my spirit up:
Yestreen I dream'd my father's spirit stood
One foot on Solway, and one foot on shore;
And still kept waving seaward. I 'll not stay
And yield my fame up with a shriek, like dames
Who dread to soil their slippers.

MAY MORISON *enters singing.*

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
  The dance gaed through the lighted ha,
To thee my fancy took its wing:
  I sat, but neither heard nor saw. *(Dresses her.)*

Eh! help me, madam, you 've a martial look;
The bonnet fits you rarely—the sword, too,
Doth seem as natural, bless me, to your hand,
As the leaf is to the tree.

Mary Douglas. What is the hour?

May Morison. The hour young witches walk in, and work pranks
With the wits of wisest men—'tis short of twelve.

(Sings.) I sigh'd and said, among them a'
Ye are nae Mary Morison.

Mary Douglas. Farewell! thou hast been faithful; so take this,
And take this too—we 'll meet in better times.

May M. Lord! I 'm not shod in shoes of lead—I 'll go
And see this young sweet gentleman—his boat
Mayhap may carry double.

Mary Douglas. Of whom speakest thou?
I know no one—I go far off, I care not
With whom I meet. In this wide world but one
Breathes, who would wrong my wretchedness.

May Morison. I speak
Of him—even he himself—him you aye dream of.
Lord, lady, how you crimson. The proud youth
Who writes you such rare ballads——Redder yet?

And sings them in your ear—Sir Marmaduke,
He who waits for you in the greenwood now.

Mary D. Make mirth with other subjects—but on this
Hold thy unkind and most ungentle tongue;
He is where the blessed be.

May Morison. Lord! Lord! my lady,
My grey eyes are not marble. I can tell
A flesh and blood youth from a saint of heaven:
Why he stood here five minutes since as pale
As one come from the grave. He saw you; heard you
Wooe his grey-headed kinsman: he wax'd pale;
Wax'd paler still, and paler, and his eyes
Shot from them positive fire.

Mary Douglas. Look in my face;
I am no baby, whom a sugar'd tale——
As you dread heaven, say, did you see him? now
Look me firm in the face.

May Morison. Lord! here 's the piece
Of good red gold he gave me—it 's no vision;
'Twill buy me a green kirtle, and a snood:
He gave me a kiss, too, well worth twice as much;
I feel 't yet on my lips—a kiss far kinder
Than e'er Jock Tamson gave me. See him, lady!
My sooth I saw him, and I 'll warrant him
Worth all the saints o' the calendar, and sweeter
To thee than fifty visions.

Mary Douglas. He is living!—
So take my bent knees, heaven. O! my love,
My tried, my faithful, and my gallant love;
I 'll follow thee o'er the world—And he was here.

'Scaped from extremest peril—pale did you say?
I'll seek, I'll find him, and sink into his arms.
Come, wilt thou go with me?

May Morison. Look, lady, look;
The night is monstrous mirk, and the grass damp:
Cumlongan greenwood is no gracious place,
And I've a new snood I would gladly sew,
And I've a kind lad I must meet to-night.

Mary Douglas. They have the noblest guide who have but God;
I give me to his guidance: so, farewell. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV. *Cumlongan Wood.*

Enter Sir John Gourlay.

Sir J. So here's the roost of this same song-bird. Soft!
Here comes one of her pages.

Enter Mary Douglas, *disguised.*

There 's no lady
But has a shadow such as this, a thing
To fan her bosom in the sun—to seek
Out banks of violets for her—shaded nooks
Floor'd and roof'd o'er with woodbine, where she may
Be sweetest kiss'd in sleep. Now stay, stay, youth;
Thou cool'st thy young blood late.

Mary Douglas. An orphan poor,
Outcast from those I love, I sorrowing seek
Kind service, and kind hearts.

Sir John. Thou 'st found them both.
So go with me. What dost thou gaze at, shake at
Even as an aspen leaf?

Mary Douglas. Sir, I am seeking
A face to please my fancy; I 'm no servant
To every man that whistles, and cries Come.

Enter Sir Marmaduke Maxwell.

I am not corn for every crow to peck;
And so, good night.

Sir John. In faith, proud stripling, no;
You go with me? I 'll find thee prettier work
Than curling locks for a lascivious maiden;
Come! else my hand shall teach thy feet obedience:—
And thou so shakest and sobb'st too? By my faith,
My pretty one, you are not what you seem.

Mary D. O! let me go. Oh! kind sir, let me go;
If e'er you parted with one you loved dear,
E'er won the blessing of a gentle heart,
E'er wet your cheeks at other's deep distress,
E'er won heaven's smile by one bright deed of mercy,
E'er spared the milky head of reverend age,
The babe with mother's milk between its lips,
The mother, when her white hands she held up
Against the lifted steel,—spare—let me go.

Sir Marmaduke. (*Aside.*) This moves not him. This is a goodly youth,
Free of his speech, and touching in his words;
He has won my heart already—let me hear.

Sir John. Thou goest on some suspicious errand—so

Milk not thine eyes to me. Come, thou 'lt page still
Thy lady's heels, for she doth sleep to-night
In the arms of Halbert Comyne. Come, now, come;
Hast thou some love pledge in thy bosom, come—
Faith I shall find it out. (*Seizes her.*)

Sir Marmaduke. Sir! stay your hand:
This youth should be the chooser, not the chosen.
Though he 's a sun-burnt stripling, sir, a thing
That can outweep a girl—pray let him go;
Free limbs endure no bondage.

Sir John. Prating sheep-boy,
Darest thou talk so to me? To thy flocks—begone—
And tell thy grandame that John Gourlay smote thee
With the flat side of his sword. (*Strikes him.*)

Sir Marmaduke. Sir, use the edge on 't!
For by the rood and eagle they do need
Courage, and fence, who strike one of my name.

Sir John. I 've ta'en the wild hawk for the hooded crow. (*Exeunt Fighting.*)

SCENE V. *Cumlongan Wood.*

SIR MARMADUKE MAXWELL *and* MARY DOUGLAS.

Sir Marmaduke. Thou art free, stripling—use thy feet—fly fast,
The chasers' swords may yet o'ertake us both.
When thou dost fold thy flocks, and pray, Oh! pray
For one, whom woe and ruin hold in chace;
Who wears the griefs of eighty at eighteen;

Upon whose bud the canker-dew has dropt;
Whose friends, love, kindred, are cold, faithless, dead:
O! weeping youth, pray not for me; for God
Has left me, and to pray for me might bring
My fate upon thee too. Away, I pray thee.

Mary Douglas. The wretched love the wretched; I love thee
Too well to sunder thus. I will go with thee;
Friends, kindred, all, are all estranged, or dead;
An evil star has risen upon my name,
On which no morn will rise.

Sir Marmaduke. Thou art too soft
I' the eye—too meek of speech—and thou dost start
For the falling of the forest leaf, and quakest
As the thrush does for the hawk. Who lives with me
Must have eyes firmer than remorseless steel,
And shake grim danger's gory hand, nor start
For the feather of his bonnet.

Mary Douglas. O! I shall learn.
I 'll sit and watch thee in thy sleep, and bring
Thee clustering nuts; take thee where purest springs
Spout crystal forth; rob the brown honey bees
Of half their summer's gathering, and dig too
The roots of cornick; I will snare for thee
The leaping hares—the nimble fawns shall stay
The coming of mine arrow. We will live
Like two wild pigeons in the wood, where men
May see us, but not harm us. Take me, take me.

Sir M. Come, then, my soft petitioner, thou plead'st
Too tenderly for me. And thy voice, too,

Has caught the echo of the sweetest tongue
That ever blest man's ear. Where is thy home?
That little sun-burnt hand has never prest
Aught harder than white curd.
Mary Douglas. I served a lady:
And all my time flew past in penning her
Soft letters to her love; in making verses
Riddling, and keen and quaint; in bleaching white
Her lily fingers 'mong the morning dew;
In touching for her ear some tender string;
And I was gifted with a voice that made
Her lover's ballads melting. She would lay
Her tresses back from her dark eyes, and say,
Sing it again.
Sir Marmaduke. Thou wert a happy servant.
And did thy gentle mistress love this youth,
As royally as thou paint'st?
Mary Douglas. O! yes, she loved him,
For I have heard her laughing in her sleep,
And saying, O! my love, come back, come back;
Indeed thou 'rt worth one kiss.
Sir Marmaduke. And did her love
Know that she dearly loved him? Did he keep
Acquaintance with the nightly stars, and watch
Beneath her window for one glance of her,
To glad him a whole winter?
Mary Douglas. Aye! he talk'd much
To her about the horn'd moon, and clear stars;
How colds were bad for coughs, and pangs at heart:
And she made him sack posset, and he sung

Songs he said he made himself, and I believe him,
For they were rife of braes and birks, and burns,
And lips made of twin cherries, tresses loop'd
Like the curling hyacinth. Now in my bosom
Have I the last song which this sighing youth
Framed for my mistress. It doth tenderly
Touch present love: there future sadness is
Shadow'd with melting sweetness.—

Sir Marmaduke. This small hand—
This little trembling lily hand is soft,
And like my Mary's. O! my love—my love,
Look up! 'tis thou thyself! now blessed be
The spot thou stand'st on, and let men this hour
For ever reverence—heaven is busy in it.

Mary D. O! let us fly! the hand of heaven, my love,
And thine, have wrought most wond'rously for me.

Sir M. And wilt thou trust thy gentle self with me?

Mary Douglas. Who can withhold me from thee—I had sworn
To seek thee through the world—to ask each hind
That held the plough, if he had seen my love;
Then seek thee through the sea—to ask each ship
That pass'd me by, if it had met my love;—
My journey had a perilous outset, but
A passing pleasant end. Thine enemy came:
I pass'd a fearful and a trembling hour.—

Sir M. I know—I heard it all—O I have wrong'd thee much;
So come with me, my beautiful, my best;
True friends are near: the hour of vengeance, too,
Is not far distant. Come, my fair one, come. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE VI. *Caerlaverock Castle.*

HALBERT COMYNE, *alone.*

Comyne. The bold conceivement of a mighty deed
Is all a pageant; for the hand of man
Is but a tardy servant of the brain,
And follows with its leaden diligence
The fiery steps of fancy. I do hate
The man who still goes choosing out his steps
I' the smoothest road to fame—he'll never do
For days like these, when daring doings must
Pace with the resolution.—

Enter SIR JOHN GOURLAY.

How now, sir?
By heaven, this maid has brain'd thee with her distaff.
Sir John. I saw no lady; but in the greenwood
I found one of her slender sun-burnt pages;
And, as I parley'd with him, came a youth,
A simple shepherd-seeming youth, and tall;
Who dropt upon me as the lightning would;
Foil'd me, and won my sword. Ere I could rise,
Forth from the castle there came such a sweep
Of ancient men, with heads more white than snow,
Of youths with tresses like the raven's back,
Of matrons, shrewd old dames, on whose tongues live
The wanton deeds o' the parish, and sweet maids
Ripe in their teens, and rosy—seeking her
Whom I was sent to find!—

Comyne. Sir John! Sir John!
This is the strangest dream thou ever hadst.
Sir John. Aye! and the truest too. But I would lay
A golden basnet to a milkmaid's bowl,
That page was no true page; but a sweet maid
Hid in her mantle, like the summer moon
Shrouded in dewy mist. And that bold youth
Who seem'd a shepherd rude, conversant with
Flocks ring-straked, speckled and spotted, wore on his heels
Spurs of pure silver.
Comyne. By the fiends, I think
That murder has not done sure work, and those
Do walk the world whom the deep hungry sea
Hath grown sick with, and given the world again;
Or hath not dared, for fear of heaven, to swallow.
This page—a lady in her mantle shrouded;
This youth—who wears proud knighthood's silver spurs;
This prophetess—that dooms me to the sword,
And gives this soldier to Caerlaverock ravens;
And, thy fate too, my head and right hand, Hubert!
Macubin, ho! go saddle our steeds straight;
I'll seek the woodland lair of this famed witch,
This hag who deals in destinies of men,
And dooms unto the drugg'd cup, or the dirk,
All those she hates; and hood-wink'd peasants, then,
With sharp sword, or swift poison, make her sayings
Come suddenly to pass. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE VII. *A Wild Cave in a Wood.*

LADY MAXWELL *and* MABEL MORAN.

Mabel. Lady, I tell thee that sword is not forged,
Nor is that man born yet in the wide world,
Shall harm a hair of his head. Now stand and tell me
What thou dost see and hear.

Lady Maxwell. A stillness sits
On hill, and dale, and ocean; there is lustre
Unwonted in the heaven—but I hear nought,
Save the sweet waters of the Solway sea,
Sing 'mongst the shells and pebbles.

Mabel. Lady, look;
What thinkst thou of that bright and little star?
See o'er Caerlaverock's turret top it stays,
And far its shining tresses shoot o'er heaven,
Even like a silver crown. Now, lady, this
Comes not in idle radiance forth; it comes
To tell thee that thy time of glory's coming.
Be VALIANT, and BELIEVE. For ere it comes,
Extremest peril shall compass thee and thine.

Lady Max. Peril, again? Oh! I do dread thee still,
Thou high and wrathful heaven. My hope will fall,
Even as yon large and gloomy star is flung
From the mid sky to the earth.

Mabel. Now, nerve your heart,
And fill that bosom, where thy babe has suck'd,
With courage that quails never. Thou canst do 't.
Hear'st thou the rush of horses? Hark! he comes,

And you must look upon your direst foe.
Fear not—fear not; there is a hand, to which
A murderer's arm is rushes, guards thee, lady.
He comes to prove me, and to spurn me. Give
To me that garment; I must hem 't—it will
To-night be wanted, though the corse be quick
That 's doom'd this shroud to fill? 'Tis a fair sark.—
Now, lady, swathe thy silken robe around thee;
Hide here, and heed my song.

THE SONG OF DOOM.

MABEL *sings*. *Enter* HALBERT COMYNE *and* SERVANT.

WHEN the howlet has whoop'd three times i' the wood,
At the wan moon sinking behind the cloud;
When the stars have crept in the wintry drift,
Lest spells should pyke them out o' the lift;
When the hail and the whirlwind walk abroad,
Then comes the steed with its unbless'd load:
Alight—alight—and bow and come in,
For the sheet is shaping to wind thee in.

Comyne. This lame hag whoops an ominous song—
hush! hush!
For she doth sing again.

Song continued.

When didst thou measure 't, thou hoary heck?
When the sea-waves climb'd thy splintering deck,
When hell for thee yawn'd grim and yare,
And the fiends stood smiling on thy despair;
And I proved my measure, and found it good,
When thy right hand reek'd with noble blood:
Alight—alight—and bow and come in,
For the sheet is shaping to wind thee in.

Comyne. Where didst thou learn this song, thou hag?
What shroud
Do thy long, sharp, and shrivelled fingers sew?

Song continued.

The heart is whole that maun mense this sark,
And I have been tax'd with a thankless dark;
Fast maun I sew by the gleam of the moon,
For my work will be wanted, 'ere it be done;
But helms shall be cloven, and life's blood spilt,
And bright swords crimson'd frae point to hilt.
So say thine errand, thou man of sin;
For the shroud is sewing to wind thee in.

Comyne. Beware! lest one stroke of this good sharp
sword
Should mar thy skill in shroud-sewing—beware!
Why dost thou bend those sooty brows on me,
And measure me o'er thus?

Song continued.

Thy right hand shall lose its cunning, my lord;
And blood shall no more dye the point of thy sword;
The raven is ready, and singing hoarse,
To dart with a croak on thy comely corse;
And looks all hollow mine eyes must give
On him who has got but some hours to live:
So say thine errand, thou man of sin;
The shroud is sewing to wind thee in.

Com. Name me the man of whom thou warblest thus.
Beldame, dost thou mean me?

Song continued.

I name not his name, let him think on my strain;
There 's a curse on them that shall name him again.

I mean the man—even he who gave
A noble corse to a midnight grave;
I mean the man—name THOU his name,
Who drown'd a sweet youth, and a comely dame.
So say thine errand, thou man of sin;
For the shroud is sewing to wind thee in.

Com. There seems a dooms-note sounding in this song!
Old dame, who taught thee these wild words, and gave
Thee this cursed shroud to sew?

Song continued.

I learn'd my skill from those who will sever
Thy soul from grace, for ever and ever;
The moon has to shine but a stricken hour,
And I maun work while the spell has power.
They are nigh who gave me this dark to do,
This shroud to shape, and this shroud to sew;
They are nigh who taught this song to me.
Look north, look south; say what dost thou see.

Com. From me wild words alone no credence gain,
And I see nothing, save this dreary cave,
And thine accursed self.

Song continued.

To the heaven above—down to the earth dark,
Now look and tell me what dost thou mark.——
Appear, from the deep and darksome wave;
Appear, from the dark and the dreary grave;
Appear! from your presence the sinful shall soon
Pass away, as yon cloud passes now from the moon.
The time is come now, else it never shall be.
Look east, and look west; say, what dost thou see?

Comyne. Come, come, thou dotard beldame—thy strange words

Dismay me not—things visible and felt——

(*Sees Lady Maxwell.*)

Eternal God! what form is this? does fancy
Hoodwink my reason with a dreamer's marvel?
Art thou a figure painted out of air?
Pale and majestic form, I've sinn'd against thee,
Beyond repentance' power. Is there another?

(*Sees the spirit of Lord Maxwell.*)

What terrible shape is that? Art thou a thing
Permitted thus to blast my sight—or but
The horrible fashioning of the guilty eye?
This bears the stamp of flesh and blood—but thou,
Thou undefined and fearful, thou dost make
A baby's heart-strings of my martial nerves;
I'll look on thee no longer—mine eyes ache
As if they gazed upon a fiery furnace.
Give me some drink, Macubin.

Servant. Oh! my lord,
What moves you thus?

Comyne. Dost thou see nought, Macubin?
Nought that doth make your firm knees knock like mine,
And make your heart against your bosom leap,
And make you think upon the blood you've spilt,
And make you think on heaven's eternal wrath?

Servant. I see this old dame, and thine honour'd self;
What should I see, my lord?

Comyne. O! nothing—shadows:
Such as the eye shapes to alarm the heart.
Nay, nothing—nothing. Ancient dame, I've been
Ungentle in my speech; I've wrong'd thee much.

I will repair the folly of this hour
With a fair cot and garden—they are gone—
Perchance were never here, for the eye works
Unto the timid thought, and the thought paints
Forms from the mire of conscience, will-o' wisps
To dazzle sober reason. (*Exeunt.*)

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Caerlaverock Castle.*

SIR JOHN GOURLAY, *Captains and Soldiers.*

First C. There are three beacons burning in the west;
Half heaven is ruddy—miekle do I wish
Our warlike leader here.

Second Captain. For one full hour
Have signal horns kept sounding, sulphur lights
Shoot thick as stars—the long-hair'd cavaliers
Have got their feet in the stirrups; else this stir
Is past my groping out.

Third Captain. 'Tis rumour'd, Monck
Has pluck'd his standard up, and vow'd to wash
The dusty fetlocks of his jaded steeds
In the silver Tweed.

Sir John. This war's a pleasant pastime.
A rich town's sack is worth the wishing for.
And cavaliers wear gold spurs on their heels—
Have broad domains to forfeit; current gold
Is plenty in their pockets, and their ladies
Wear far more jewels in their clust'ring locks
Than would buy a baron's land.

First Captain. This southron Monck
Is of mean blood—a wart but newly grown
On the rough lip of war.

Second Captain. We've wet our swords

In enemies' blood together. Surer hand
Ne'er cleft a helmet; and his courage is
A plaything to his craft.

Enter Halbert Comyne.

Sir John. Hail, noble general!
We wait your will, for there are strange tales stirring.
Comyne. I would have faced the eldest born of hell
Sooner than such a shadow. My knees shook:
I'll never trust them more; my right hand too
Pluck'd not my sword, for I was over-crow'd,
Rebuked into a boy, bearded i' the lists,
Which none that ever bore a sword dared do,
By a ballad singing beldame. I'll ne'er look
God's sun again i' the face.
Sir John. My noble lord,
There is a reeking courier come with news,
And news of mighty note.
Comyne. I stood stone still,
And heard her chaunting on no fabled theme,
And saw her sewing up my winding sheet;
Gay as a girl would hem her bridal sark.
Curse on her calling, and curse on her song!
There is more craft than charm and spell in this;
She'll hear from me if five whole hours flee past,
And I can draw my sword.—Now, noble soldiers,
In things of mighty moment was I wrapt;
Forgive this tardy welcome.
Sir John. Beacons, my lord,
Have blazed this hour upon Terreagles' hills;
On tower and castle, and the desart sea,

Lights glimmer thick; the trumpets ceaseless sound;
Arm'd men continual troop it to and fro;
And there are tidings that deserve a tongue
Which can articulate thunder.

Comyne. I know all.
My Lord Protector has resign'd his sword;
'Twas much too hot to handle. General Monck
Is marching on to England; pond'ring mute
Upon a King's crown, and Protector's sword;
And Lambert comes with ready blade to meet him:
They soon may spill some foolish blood about it.
The Stewarts' banner now flies on the sea;
And Sir Luke Langton has a few hot youths
Who wish to win their spurs—and that is all.

Sir John. My lord, you've summ'd up ten long tales in little;
And you might add, the Praying Parliament
Pray for the aid of your decisive steel,
To chasten General Monck.

Comyne. It is all well;
Pitch our pavilions on Caerlaverock lea;
Give lords their down beds, and their gilded roofs:
Give me the greenwood, and the lily lea;
The tented canvas rustling on strain'd strings;
The sea behind me chafing on its shores;
My foes before me, numerous as the leaves
Of this wide forest, and I would lay down
My helmed head upon that rough gray stone,
And sleep as fearless, 'till the trumpets sung,
As that blackbird on the bough. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II. *A Tent on Caerlaverock Lea. Midnight.*

HALBERT COMYNE, SIR JOHN GOURLAY, *Captains, &c.*

Com. Before the sun-rise we commence our march,
And ford the gentle Nith by break of day,
Nor pass through old Dumfries.

Sir John. Far in the west
The chief strength of the martial covenant lies,
And that way marches Monck.

First Captain. Four regiments good
From Nithsdale, Annandale, and the green glens
Of mountain Galloway, march under Monck.

Second Captain. I know each man by name; with them I've stood
Knee deep in moats, and trenches; and we've wash'd
In England's brooks our bloody hands together.

Third C. And did our general wave his bonnet feather,
They'd cast their banners in the Tweed, and hang
Monck up to feed the hawks.

Sir John. Or sell his head
For thrice its weight in beaten gold—each eye,
In the pressing peril of the times, is worth
A kingdom wide; and his right hand would bring—

Com. Now keep some converse for the morning's march.
How now? What say the peasants? Where are they?

Enter SOLDIER.

Soldier. My lord, each peasant in this vale 's become

Thine enemy on the sudden. I explain'd
Your order for their armed muster: they
Laugh'd loud, and one show'd me the hilt of his sword,
And said, "I draw it at no villain's bidding,"
And clang'd it in the sheath; another cried,
"Tell Halbert Comyne, when he finds a stream
That can make milkwhite murder's spotted hand,
Wash—wash; I'll be his soldier;" straight a third
Said, "Say one saw on Solway yesternight
A lovely lady, and her sweet son, sailing
In a bottomless boat." And one stern man,
Whom they call'd Simon Graeme, took me aside,
And talk'd of destiny, and drew his sword;
Said, "Soldier, seest thou this? the blood thou seest
(And it was red with late spilt blood, my lord)
Is Hubert Dougan's."

Comyne. Take six armed men,
And bring this rustic—keep him mute—or slay him,
Should he breathe but a word.

Soldier. My lord, I heard
These tidings as a soldier should; I drew
My sword—so did my comrades. This man is
A thing not to be taken. He slew two;
And though I grappled with him, he did shake
Me like a baby from him; and, unharm'd,
Leap'd in the dashing river.

Comyne. For his head
A score of bonnet pieces! twenty more
To hear him speak ten words upon the rack!

For he 's a proven traitor to the state,
And no rude peasant he.

Sir John. Lord, how much gold!
And pure gold, too! I've fought for seven long years,
And never made so much. I go, my lord;
This is a glorious ransom. I will have him,
If he tarries above ground. All current gold!

(*Exeunt Sir John Gourlay, and soldiers.*)

Com. What kind of night is this? A sick'ning weight
Hangs in the air; the moon is down, and yet
Her light is left behind her. I can see
'Tis past midnight upon the chapel clock.

First Captain. 'Tis on the stroke of twelve—'tis a wild night,
A fearful looking night—ranks of grim clouds
Stand all around us on the woodland tops;
At times, behind them, flashes of live fire
Brighten, but burst not through.

Second Captain. As I unfurl'd
Lord Maxwell's banner o'er this tent to-night,
A thing even like a flying banner came
And pitch'd itself aside it. I straight strook
The spectre banner with my lance; and, lo!
Forth gush'd red fire, even as blood gushes from
The thrusting of a spear—and it evanish'd.

Comyne. So vanish thou.

Enter a SOLDIER.

How now, what shadow, man,

Has chased away the red blood from thy cheek?

Soldier. My lord, as I stood on the watch to-night,
Down where the pinewood stretches to the sea,
An armed phantom came and march'd aside me,
And measured step and step.

Comyne. I'll hear no more;
Go out, and learn to look on thine own shadow.
Now let no one come in my tent to-night;
Wait, four of you, and sleep, or walk, or watch,
Even as it feels most pleasant. As you love me,
And as you fear me, see for me no visions;
Call me up with the first cock crow. Good night.

First C. My lord, we beg to stretch us on the ground,
To wooe an hour of slumber.

Comyne. Court and find it.

(*Captains stretch themselves on the floor, and sleep.*)

Now golden slumber has found out these men,
But I can find no rest. Though in my path
Fame sows her ripest honours—'tis not that
Can give me pleasant slumber, can call back
The colour to my cheek. Although I know
Four of this Monck's six thousand men are mine,
That this famed kingdom's crown hangs in the air
And waits for my bared brow, I'm troubled—troubled:
Thou cursed woman, thy song fills my veins
With thrice 'gealed ice, and in mine ear thy strain
Begins to talk of doomsday. What light 's that?
Has fire from heaven fallen in my camp? Ho! ho!—
Rise! hosts of heaven, lend me your safeguard now;
Arise—awake—nay then, sleep on till doomsday;

'Tis I alone that must face all the fiends!
(*Storm, thunder, and fire.*)

Enter SPIRIT OF HOGAN.

Spirit. Come, Halbert Comyne; we are waiting for you.
Comyne. Go, senseless semblance of a shallow villain,
Thou creature cursed for cowardice—from me
Expect brief speech—begone. (*Spirit passes on.*)
(*Storm, thunder, and fire.*)

Enter SPIRIT OF DINGWALL.

Spirit. Come, Halbert Comyne; Hell is ready for thee.
Comyne. Shadow, away; the unsumm'd sins of nature,
Grovelling and gross, so swarm'd in thee when living;
Hope not I'll heed thy summons—to be saved
With such as thee would be a curse indeed;
So cumber not the night air with thy presence:
Away. (*Spirit passes on.*)
(*Storm, thunder, and fire.*)

Enter SPIRIT OF NEAL.

Spirit. Come, Halbert Comyne; there are fires prepared.
Comyne. I will not speak to this thing, of all forms
That merit reprobation the most abject.
If this be thy chief pageant, hell, thou 'rt poor
In shapes to shake men's souls. (*Spirit passes on.*)
(*Storm, thunder, and fire.*)

Enter Spirit of Hubert Dougan.

Spirit. Comyne, this night prepare to dwell with me;
And by the light of hell's unquenched fire,
We'll talk of what has passed.

Comyne. Oh! shadow, stay;
Stay, thou sad semblance of a noble man;
Stay, brave and injured spirit, stay! Oh! speak
What fate hath thee befallen? speak, Hubert, speak!
O! by the time in battle when I turn'd
The sword aside that else had found thy heart,
O! speak. O! speak; by all the days we pass'd
In tender friendship, and in perilous battle;
By the dread wish of living with thee, spirit,
In bliss, or deathless fire,—I do conjure thee
To speak to me one word. By all the wrongs
I have imagined and have wrought on earth,
Speak, and depart not. Silent shadow, thou
Hast nought of Hubert Dougan, save the shape.
Stay, horrible illusion! Stay, and tell me
A terrible hidden thing. (*Spirit passes on.*)
O! day-light, come!
Go, hideous night, thou art a fearful time;
Come morning, though the first beam of thy light
Should shine on my life's blood. Pass on, dark night!
God, when wilt thou give day?

First Captain. (*Wakes.*) Touch him not, villain—my good lord—my lord,
God keep thee safe, for I did dream I saw
A fearful figure, with a bared sword
About to pierce thy bosom.

Second Captain. (*Wakes.*) Help, oh! help;
Did you cry help? I heard a voice cry help,
With the tongue of a wounded man.
Third Captain. My lord, my lord,
The round big drops have started on your brow!
Has some dread thing alarm'd you?

Enter a SOLDIER.

Soldier. A dread storm,
With hail and whirlwind, has fallen on our camp,
And blown thy banner into the deep sea;
The crooked fires were running on the ground,
And 'mid the fires——My lord, John Jardine saw
This sight as well as me; and 'mid the fires——
Comyne. Well! well! amid the fire ye felt some fear,
And I do well believe you. Haste, pluck down
All our pavilions, let my chosen spears
March in the front, and let our rear guard be
Our proof-coat cuirassiers. We pass the Nith
Within one stricken hour—begone.

SCENE III. *A Farm House. Night.*

SIMON GRAEME *and* MARK MACGEE.

Graeme. Awake! awake! no time for slumber now;
The hour of doom is come; so gird thee on
Thy sword, and follow me.
Macgee. Thou hast awaked me
From a sweet dream! And is it morn, that thou
Comest forth to let thy grey locks gather rime,

Or chide with men whose sweaty cheeks repose
In slumber on their pillows.

Graeme. Mark Macgee,
This is, indeed, a night, when limbs like mine
Come not abroad for pastime. O! what eyes,
Sleep-shut on the soft pillow, could endure
The tumults of this dread tempestuous night,
Without unclosing. My old grandsire said,
There was a night so rough, so terrible,
So fill'd with elemental moans, and throng'd,
From heaven's dread concave to earth's trembling floor,
With grim and ghastly faces, that sad time
When fatal Langside's hapless field was struck:
Old men yet talk of it; and ancient dames
To their grand children tell it with a changed look.

Mac. And dost thou think that some such fearful day
Will follow this, and teach young maids to moan?

Gra. What human tongue less than inspired, or fill'd
With the gift of prophecy, may dare to blab
About God's meaning, when he sits enthroned
Amid majestic darkness, filling the heaven
With dismal signs and portents, that defy
All mortal calculation. 'Tis enough
For us to know, sad meaning and dread wrath
Were in those signs that round Caerlaverock hall
Were visible yesternight.

Macgee. I heard alone
The roar of waters, the loud war of winds,
And shaking of the cedars. A sweet sleep
Fell on me, and dread portents saw I none.

Graeme. And now let murder-meditators moan;
Let hands unwashen from spilt blood beware:
And let the dweller in Caerlaverock towers,
Even thou, Lord Halbert Comyne, kneel thee down,
Among dust grovel, supplicate, and groan!
For, oh! Lord Maxwell's piteous moan, even now
Makes moist the eyes in heaven, nor can the dew
Of life-time's golden summers blanch the stains
Of blood which flooded all his marble floor.

Macgee. Some fearful thing, my friend, has moved
thee thus.

Graeme. A thing shall move thee too. I rose and left
The embers glowing on my lonely hearth,
And all my children sleeping. All was mute;
The homely cricket's song was loudest heard.
Forth as I walk'd, the brook began to moan;
The wind woke with a dismal sigh, and spoke
As with a human tongue; the Solway flood
Flash'd on the shore, five fathom deep abreast;
And I heard tongues that made my flesh to quake.
I stood and gazed upon the earth and heaven,
And, lo! I saw grim forms, perdition-doom'd,
Fill all the land—earth shudder'd to the throng
Of horrible phantoms, issuing o'er the bourn
Of mortal pilgrimage. Corses unloosed
From hearsing sheets were there, nor sweeping shrouds
Might hold their occupants. The halter-doom'd,
The treason-hatcher—he who fearless digs
The grave for a quick corse—with him who drops
The hemlock juice i' the entertainer's cup,

Flock'd toward Caerlaverock, like a festal throng
Unto a nuptial banquet. There I saw,
Trooping i' the rear of this infernal file,
A countenance horribly foul, and plaster'd thick
With new spilt blood—the phantom glared on me;
And, summoning all hell into one frown,
Pass'd surly by. I named him, and he stood;
And stern the grizly spectre glared on me
A moment's space, and vanished.

Macgee. Simon Graeme,
This is a winter's mirth. What curious pains
A man devout and hoary-hair'd may take
To fashion the moan o' the elements into
God's indignation, when no woe was meant,
And only the pleasant sound of the voice was heard,
O' the commonest occurrence ! Gifted men,
Who can divine all this, may be allow'd
To see hearsed corses trooping, and high heaven
With hellish faces fill'd ; nay, even to hear
The dying moaning on an unfought field.
Why, what in the name o' the Lord can palsy thus
A mind, that all his sovereign wonders fill
With most sublime emotion ? In the coil
O' the world's employment, and sweet whisperings
Of nature o'er her wonders, we may make
Phantoms, like those which haunt the murderer's sleep.
When the pert magpye chatters on the roof
Of my aunt's dwelling, she doth presently
Fancy her body winding-sheet enwrapt,
And drops into devotion. My wife too,

Than whom a dame more duteous is not found,
Nor one who makes such lily-looking linen,
When the south wind sighs in the chimney top
Her thrift she ceases, shakes her head, and says,
Thou whistlest for no good; looks me i' the face,
And thinks on widowhood, and wipes her cheek.

Graeme. It may be wit—but it is wicked wit
Which shapes God's high and terrible purposes
Into a meaning, for to shake men's sides
When 'tis no time for mirth. 'Tis well, when hearts
Are all so reckless of this tainted world;
They clamour not at those tremendous signs
Of God's remembrance. I do know a heart,
That to the lips starts, if a mouse but stir,
Or a leaf rustle; but I thank my God
It beats in a far loftier breast than mine.

Macgee. I thank God too—yet that's no proof of grace
The thief who prowls at midnight by the fold
Thanks God who doth unmuffle the full moon,
To let him choose the fairest of the flock.
The knight, who wins his silver spurs, thanks God,
And from his sword-blade wipes his brother's blood.
The churl who sickens at men's prosperousness
Thanks God, when tempests thrash their ripen'd field
Or some foul murrain thins their fairest flocks.
So, thank God, then, not for the deeds thou doest,
Nor for the height thou 'rt raised o'er prouder men
In purity and wisdom; nor for the gift
Thou hast of fashioning heaven's familiar things
To signs denoting wrath; but, thank God for

Fresh air to fan thee when the sun shines hot;
The rain that nourishes thy new-sown fields;
Thy rosy daughters, and thy comely sons,
His noblest present in this world to man.

Gra. There spoke the son of good old John Macgee,
Than whom a better ne'er a sickle sway'd;
Nor held the plow along the fallow land;
Nor hied to market on a Wednesday;
Nor welcomed a neighbour by a shake of the hand;
Nor sung a psalm, nor read the gospel book;
Nor pray'd to God for his dear children's weal:
Yet he was stiff-opinion'd, and self-will'd,
And he would walk fifteen rough miles about,
Rather than ride along the nearer way
His neighbour recommended. Now, on his son,
Thee, Mark Macgee, I call—the hour is come.

Mac. Heaven bless thee, Simon, for that old man's sake!
Speak! I can now be silent as the grave;
Close, as cold lips of marble; still, as the deep
In the unvoyaged, fathomless profound
Of the untillable ocean.

Graeme. 'Tis no secret
Now, for the heaven has told it o'er the earth;
The troubled earth has echoed back the heaven,
And children's lips ev'n lisp it. Take thy sword,
My friend, and follow me. His doom is sign'd;
He'll fall ere the sun shines.

Macgee. Come, Simon Graeme;
Our swords are now both seated on our sides;
This is the gladdest hour of my whole life,

For these three days I've lived in troubled thoughts;
The nights had fearful dreams. 'Twas but last night
I lay in sweet sleep stretch'd—sudden I sprung,
My right hand clutching at an unseen throat,
And call'd with a voice that made my young babes quake,
"There, murderous villain, fill the grave thou madest"—
My wife her white arms flung around my neck,
And I awoke, and said it was a dream;
Only a dream; kiss'd her, and smiled, to smoothe
Unutterable anguish. What's thy wish?

Gra. That we shall place us in the murderer's path:—
This night he passes through the fords of Nith,
Where death shall find him though he were in steel
Lapt sevenfold proof; three score of hearts, and true,
Have at my summons bared their blades, and watch
Aside the winding river. We will strike
Him with no secret, but an open blow.

Macgee. Stay till my sweet wife and my little ones
Get one sweet kiss—I shall not fight the worse for 't.

Gra. The tenderest heart is aye the truest, bravest.
Hush! here's a hurried footstep—who art thou?—
Speak, lest I smite thee—these are not the times——

Enter Sir Marmaduke Maxwell.

Come to my bosom with a bound, my son;
I ask'd of yon dread heaven but this one sign,
To see thee dead or living. Thou art safe;
Now, Nithsdale, blessed days are thine again,
Heaven's high decrees fulfilling.

Macgee. My young lord,

One kind glance of thy gallant eye is worth
Ten thousand thousand visions. Bless thy face.

Sir Marmaduke. Friends of my father, why do you keep watch
At this dark hour, and watch with weapons too?

Graeme. A few nights since heaven wet these swords of ours
In the blood of hired murderers: we sheathed
Our weapons, and night after night kept watch
For God's assurance by most fearful signs,
That we might smite the master murderer. We
To night have seen dread tokens, and HIS hour
Is surely come; he will not see sunrise:
Sir Marmaduke, go with us on God's errand,
And strike with us the slayer of thy father,
If thou dost know the man.

Sir Marmaduke. Oh! name him not;
His name shall ever be an evil omen,
Even to the holiest lips; so name him not.

Graeme. To tell thee how we found this murderer out
Will be the unfolding of a tragic story:
I heard of thine own perilous escape,
From a sure hand, one whose keen eye can pierce
Far into future woe, even one whose tongue
Has counsel'd me to keep my good sword sharp:—
But this we'll talk of as we walk along. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV. *Caerlaverock Wood, by the River side.*

SIR MARMADUKE MAXWELL, SIMON GRAEME, MARK MACGEE, *and armed men.*

Graeme. Here let us stand beneath the greenwood tree,
For he must pass down this way. Now be firm;
Strike fierce and spare not; but leave HIM to me.
These are the tokens you shall know him by:—
He rideth ever on a coal black steed,
Whose long tail sweeps the ground. His black helm has
A snowy crest that never has been soiled
By blood or dust, but God shall smite it down
Among men's feet. High is his warlike brow,
And close and clustering curls his raven hair,
And keen the glancing of his swarthy eye;
When he sees us, he'll wave his right hand thus,
And say, "keep back rude churls"—leave HIM to me.

Sir Marmaduke. I have some friends, all firm, assured soldiers,
Derned in the greenwood. Yet have we to fight
Against a woeful odds.

Macgee. Yes, he has with him
Twelve score of chosen lances, and four hundred
Of horsemen sheathed in steel; we are in all
Eight score and twelve: hearken! I hear, ev'n now,
His horsemen prancing up the river side.

Graeme. Lo! heaven gives not the battle to the strong;
The race to the swift foot. His hour is come;

And though he had a thousand for each one,
Though his steel coat were triple proof, and though
He were enclosed with lances as a grove,
The avenger's hand would reach him. When man's
time
Is come that he must die, a pin would slay,
One drop of water drown him.

Sir Marmaduke. My sure friend,
Thy words refresh me: I do not dread death,
For I have dared it in its sternest shape;
But oh! if heaven smile not upon our cause,
I dread the weeping of your little ones,
The wailing of their mothers; that aged men
Should tell our tale, shake their grey heads, and say,
"They were valiant but not wise."

Graeme. This river side
Is a right lovely spot; here the spring sun
Aneath the grey trunk of that ancient tree
First gets his balmy cowslips. I've pulled here
Crowtoes, and violets, and the honey-suckle,
The brown ripe nuts, and sought the song bird's nest;
Each one is lovely in its own sweet season;
And all beneath this beauteous holly bough
I've said some soft words in a fair dame's ear.

(*Trumpet sounds.*)

He is nigh now. Lo! here the murderer comes.
Eternal one, make the keen edged sword
Fall sevenfold sharp.

Enter HALBERT COMYNE, SIR JOHN GOURLAY, *Captains and Soldiers.*

Sir John. I had, indeed, a bootless chace, my lord;
I sought for Simon Graeme; but he was gone,
And gone arm'd, too. Upon his cottage roof
I threw the flame; his wife and children wail'd,
And old men cursed me: I shall find him yet;
That head of his is worth more gold to me
Than the sack of a rich city.

Graeme. (*Aside.*) Soulless villain!
So thou hast burn'd my little bonnie home.
Oh! where are ye, my children!—On my head
A price set, too! There doth the raven sit,
Shall have her fill of thee. (*Draws his sword.*)

Sir Marmaduke. Stay, stay, my friend;
I charge thee, stay; thy hot wrath will mar all.

Graeme. My dwelling burn'd above my little ones!
He who hears this with a cool heart, may he
Howl in the hottest hell!—Lo! I am here.

Sir John. Here, peasant, listen—canst thou tell me where
I may find Simon Graeme.

Graeme. I'm Simon Graeme;
And thou art ravens' meat. (*Fight, and Exeunt.*)

Comyne. Here with your levell'd lances! strike me down
These clouted clowns, assail them on all sides;
Shall chaff like this uncharm me of my life?
(*Fight, and Exeunt.*)

Re-enter Sir Marmaduke Maxwell *and Captain.*

Captain. Home to thy plowshare, home!

Sir Marmaduke. I seek thy lord;
See thou pluck not his peril on thyself.
(*Fight, the Captain falls.*)
My men are slain or scatter'd: I sought death,
But found it not. This murderer's life is charm'd,
For twice I strove to strike him with my sword.

Enter Another Captain.

Captain. Yield thee, or die, for thou hast slain my kinsman.

Sir Marmaduke. Twice hast thou come between thy chief and me;
Thou'lt never do it again. (*Fight, the Captain falls.*)

Enter Mary Douglas.

Sir Marmaduke. Alas! my love,
My star of glory is for ever set;
What can I do for thee.

Mary Douglas. Fly! fly! Oh, fly!
Down in the greenwood, by the river side,
There is a wild path shaped by lovers' feet;
We know it well, my love. Thy mother there
Waits in the cavern for thee; haste then, haste,
For morning light will soon be on the hill,
And thy foes hunt for thee on every side. (*Exeunt.*)

Re-Enter SIMON GRAEME.

Graeme. I've hung his head for hawk's meat. Where,
oh where
Art thou, Sir Marmaduke? Heaven! have I chaced
The fox to death, and let the tiger range?
There are more signs, oh God, on earth than thine:
Hell has assumed thy sceptre: I've believed
A meteor pageant of the pit, and fought
Even for mine own perdition. (*Exit.*)

SCENE V. *Caerlaverock Wood.*

Enter SIR MARMADUKE MAXWELL *and* MARY DOUGLAS,
disguised as peasants.

Sir Marmaduke. Now weep not, soft and gentle one,
weep not;
These drops yon frozen heavens will not melt,
Nor will these sweet sobs blunt the chacer's sword,
Nor soothe that wild and agitated sea
Where we must soon seek shelter.

Mary Douglas. I did hope
The hour was come when fortune's icy breath
Would cease to chill us; yet, my love, oh! yet
The wing'd destroyer's shadow 'nights our path,
On which no morn shall rise.

Sir Marmaduke. My gentle one,
My stedfast love, what have we lost? here still
Is thy true love and thee; yon is the heaven,

And this the good green earth: come, smile again,
We yet shall find a home—a humble home,
Clad o'er with long marsh rushes; thou shalt sing
Songs of thine own love's making, and thy boys
Shall plait rush swords and sceptres at thy knee.

Mary Douglas. This is a bright spot mid the darkness. Hark!
I hear the thunder muttering, and, lo!
The lightning shoots from Criffel to Caerlaverock:
Dost thou not hear a steed prance? Hark again!
Mercy in heaven, here comes an armed man!

Enter HALBERT COMYNE.

Sir M. Look on that man, my lovely one; now look
Upon him well; he hastens on God's errand.

Mary Douglas. 'Tis Halbert Comyne; does not the ground gape?
And is the lightning idle when a fiend
Insults the heaven by cumbering the green earth?

Comyne. Now I will seek that hoary hag; her lair
Lies not far distant: she doth seem to know
More of my fortune than mute stars may teach.
My soldiers rest them by the river side,
And wait the coming of the kindly sun.
Now I hold fortune's clay between my palms,
To mould it as I list. In my hand lately
Was my sword hilt alone: swift hath it hewn
My pathway unto fame; and its sharp edge
Some little princedom shall shape for me yet;
For civil war works wonders, and casts down

The meek and timid, and exalts the bold.—
But I am haunted by a fearful Shape,
A hated thing, which sharp fear forms of shadows;
Something that takes no known form, yet alarms
Me more than my worst enemy arm'd in proof;
A thing which haunts my slumbers; finds me out
In my deep dreams; in fiercest strife where blood
Is rife as rivulet water; in quiet peace
When rustic songs abound; in silent prayer—
For prayer, too, have I tried—still is it there!
Now, now, the dismal shadow glides before me,
More visible than ever. Phantom, stay!
I'll know thy errand: dark and doubtful thing
That hoverest round me as a cloud, darest thou
No nobler semblance take? By heaven and hell,
What fearful change! and yet I know thee not;
Thou nobler seem'st than him, and brighter lookest.
Fly from me, spirit, trouble not the earth;
Fly from the gleaming of this crossed steel:
And yet it flies not. If thou blessed art,
Why dost thou page the heels of wickedness,
And seek to herald hell? Away! begone!

Sir M. O, thoughtless lassie, thou hast lost a dog
Worth half the dames o' the parish; he was fleet
As wind o' the mountain; faithful as yon star
Is to the grey o' the morn. Pleased I'll ne'er sip
My curdled whey again, nor breathe my pipe
To charm the cornerakes when the grain is green.

Com. Cease thy wail, shepherd, and show me the way
To Mabel Moran's home,—a dame who lives

On shepherd's bounty, and repays their alms
By charming their hirsels from the fox's tooth.

Sir M. I know the cummer, and her house is near.—
I'm but a plain poor man; I watch my sheep
An' play on the pipe,—full blythely can I dance;
And read the plowmen's riddles. Maidens smile
As I go by, and ask how many lovers
Yon horned moon shall bring them? When the wind
Shakes out o' the husk the yellow corn, I cry,
"Faith, I foretold you this."—

Comyne. Peace! peasant, peace!
Show me the way, and silence thy rude tongue.

Sir M. Sir, I must talk, for I have other gifts
Which I will gladly teach thee. Pray, sir, pray:
You have a river deep and dark to cross;
No peasant passes it without a prayer;
So pray, my lord, I counsel thee to pray.

Comyne. Who! what art thou? this alter'd voice—
stand back!
I like not much thy words.

Sir Marmaduke. Thou'lt like me worse
Before we sunder. (*Throws off his plaid and bonnet.*)
Dost thou know me now?
Oh! Halbert Comyne, much have I sought heaven
To work its own will with thee; I was loth
To stain my bright sword with a villain's blood.

Com. Since thou art stuff that can be tamed by steel,
Then, by my soul, thou art most dearly welcome:
I thank the fiends that placed thee in a peril
From which there's no escape.

Sir Marmaduke. No more; no more;
If my sword spare thee, may my father's spirit
Spurn me from heaven, and may my soul be doom'd
To howl for all thy sins. (*Fight.*)

Mary Douglas. (*Kneels.*) Ye blessed spirits
Of holy men be present, save him! save him!
And make his sword for your avengement smite.
(*Spirit of Lord Maxwell appears.*)

Comyne. Thou fearful phantom, art thou come again?
In hell there howls no shape could shake me thus;
So thou must be from heaven. What dost thou want,
Thou awful semblance of the unrotted dead?
Thy glorious presence robs me of my might.—
Sheathe thy sword, stripling, else I'll make thee mate
To this infernal shadow.

Sir Marmaduke. Use thy sword;
I will not touch thee while thy point is turn'd
From me, and seeks to wound the silent air.
(*Spirit vanishes.*)

Comyne. Then feed the worms; shall I be shamed with shadows?

Enter Lady Maxwell.

Lady Maxwell. Mercy in heaven! I hear the sound of swords!

Comyne. Is this thy coinage, hell?—Thou yawning sea,
Where is your ancient might? you cease to hold
Your bloody morsels, and the faithless ground
Has lost its fame for silence. Thus hemm'd in

By hell and heaven, my good sword, thou must try
A way through this frail flesh. (*Fights.*)
Now, what is this
That hangs so on mine arm; makes my keen sword
Stick in the air, and turns my nerves to rushes;
That freezes up the current of my heart,
And fills mine ear with the howlings of deep hell?

Enter SIMON GRAEME.

Graeme. Eternal villain, turn to me: God's cause
Requires but a brief speech. (*Draws his sword.*)

Sir Marmaduke. This cause is mine;
My arm shall work mine own revenge; I feel
My father's hand upon my weapon's hilt.

Comyne. Rude churl, thou comest too late. That hand has stopt
My sea of greatness with a spade of earth.
Thou cursed fiend that trim'st men for destruction;
Thou caster down of noble spirits, that paintest
Their dreams with robes and sceptres; pluck me swift,
Before the hand of vengeance shakes me down
From mine exalted bough. Come not when gored
And spit upon I lie, the rabble's marvel;
Come, ere grey men their old heads shake and say,
"Behold what murder comes to." (*Falls.*)

Mary Douglas. Oh! my love,
The shepherd's grey plaid and the rushy sheal,—
Earth has room for us yet.

Lady Maxwell. O, my fair son!
Thrice blessed be that heavenly hand, that kept

That tender bosom from the murderer's sword.

Sir Marmaduke. My honour'd mother! may the plotter never
Sunder us more. Bless thee, my fair, my loved one;
God's hand was visible here: Oh! my firm friend,
God walks his way in silence till his hour—
And then men hearken thunder.

Comyne. Stand away,
And let me see them; gentle youth, come near,
Thou and that maiden. Woe be to thy bed,
May it be barren as the desart sea;
And should a baby bless thee, may this earth
To which my body's doom'd to add its dust,
Swallow thy darling up. O'er thy famed name
May dark dishonour come, as comes a cloud;
Dread of the dagger and the drugged cup
Frequent thy dreams; and may the sharp sword find thee
When thy joy's fullest, and thy loved one smiles.

(*Starts up and strikes at them with his sword, and dies.*)

Sir M. All merciless and remorseless as thou lived'st,
So hast thou died. Let men no more put trust
In gentle carriage or in noble looks;
Trust kindred blood no more: let sharp suspicion
Haunt in the steps of princes.

Graeme. Trust a spark
Of fire among swift powder; trust the dove
With the fledged hawk; the dog in the deer's den.
Shall we the pure earth poison with his bones,
Pollute the kindly sea, or hang him high,
To taint the wind and feed the birds of heaven?

Thou didst the proverb pluck from the horn'd fiend;
What art thou now?—a morsel for the crows.

Sir M. He was a bad man, but he was a brave one;
Let him be buried as a brave man should:
We war not with his dust. My knee to thee,
Thou noblest pattern of connubial love.—
And wilt thou promise me, thou gentle one,
The gift of this white hand?

Mary Douglas. Take hand and heart.

Graeme. Now hang your bonnets on the horns o' the moon;
Make bridal fires, the fair dames of Dumfries
May braid their tresses by; the hour is come
The dumb shall sing, and crippled limbs shall leap.
With gallant horse-hair we will string our swords
And make our targets fiddles—the sweet voice
O' the pipe shall no more cease.

Sir Marmaduke. My friend, my friend;
Let us not mock our sorrow in our mirth:
Woe is a wise man's livery. Our torn land
Even of its noblest and its best bereft;
My father's blood undry'd yet in his halls;
Ourselves scarce from extremest perils escaped;—
This is no time for mirth.

THE MERMAID OF GALLOWAY.

THE MERMAID OF GALLOWAY.

1.

There's a maid has sat on the green merse side
  These ten lang years and mair;
An' every first night o' the new moon
  She kames her yellow hair.

2.

An' ay while she sheds the yellow burning gowd,
  Fu' sweet she sings an' hie,
Till the fairest bird that wooes the green wood
  Is charm'd wi' her melodie.

3.

But wha e'er listens to that sweet sang,
  Or gangs the dame to see,
Ne'er hears the sang o' the laverock again,
  Nor wakens an earthlie ee.

4.

It fell in about the sweet simmer month,
  I' the first come o' the moon,
That she sat o' the tap of a sea-weed rock,
  A-kaming her silk-locks down.

5.

Her kame was o' the whitely pearl,
  Her hand like new-won milk,
Her breasts were a' o' the snawy curd,
  In a net o' sea-green silk.

6.

She kamed her locks owre her white shoulders,
  A fleece baith bonny and lang;
An' ilka ringlet she shed frae her brows,
  She raised a lightsome sang.

7.

I' the very first lilt o' that sweet sang,
  The birds forsook their young,
An' they flew i' the gate o' the grey howlet,
  To listen the maiden's sang.

8.

I' the second lilt o' that sweet sang,
  Of sweetness it was sae fu',
The tod leap'd out frae the bughted lambs,
  And dighted his red-wat mou.'

9.

I' the very third lilt o' that sweet sang,
  Red lowed the new-woke moon;
The stars drapp'd blude on the yellow gowan tap,
  Sax miles that maiden roun'.

10.

I hae dwalt on the Nith, quo' the young Cowehill,
These twenty years an' three,
But the sweetest sang e'er brake frae a lip,
Comes thro' the greenwood to me.

11.

O is it a voice frae twa earthlie lips
Whilk makes sic melodie?
It wad wyle the lark frae the morning lift,
And weel may it wyle me?

12.

I dreamed a dreary thing, master,
Whilk I am rad ye rede;
I dreamed ye kissed a pair o' sweet lips,
That drapp'd o' red heart's-blede.

13.

Come haud my steed, ye little foot-page,
Shod wi' the red gold roun';
Till I kiss the lips whilk sing sae sweet:
An' lightlie lap he down.

14.

Kiss nae the singer's lips, master,
Kiss nae the singer's chin;
Touch nae her hand, quo' the little foot-page,
If skaithless hame ye'd win.

15.

O wha will sit on yere toom saddle,
O wha will bruik yere gluve?
An' wha will fauld yere erled bride
I' the kindlie clasps o' luve?

16.

He took aff his hat, a' gold i' the rim,
Knot wi' a siller ban';
He seemed a' in lowe wi' his gold raiment,
As thro' the green wood he ran.

17.

The simmer-dew fa's saft, fair maid,
Aneath the siller moon;
But eerie is thy seat i' the rock,
Washed wi' the white sea faem.

18.

Come wash me wi' thy lilie white hand,
Below and aboon the knee;
An' I'll kame these links o' yellow burning gold,
Aboon thy bonnie blue ee.

19.

How rosie are thy parting lips,
How lilie-white thy skin,
An' weel I wat these kissing een
Wad tempt a saint to sin.

20.

Take aff these bars an' bobs o' gold,
  Wi' thy gared doublet fine;
An' thraw me aff thy green mantle,
  Leafed wi' the siller twine.

21.

An' a' in courtesie, fair knight,
  A maiden's love to win;
The gold lacing o' thy green weeds
  Wad harm her lilie skin.

22.

Syne coost he aff his green mantle,
  Hemm'd wi' the red gold roun';
His costly doublet coost he aff,
  Wi' red gold flow'red down.

23.

Now ye maun kame my yellow hair,
  Down wi' my pearlie kame;
Then rowe me in thy green mantle,
  An' take me maiden hame.

24.

But first come take me 'neath the chin,
  An' syne come kiss my cheek;
An' spread my hanks o' wat'ry hair
  I' the new moon-beam to dreep.

25.

Sae first he kissed her dimpled chin;
  Syne kissed her rosie cheek;
And lang he wooed her willin' lips,
  Like hether-honie sweet!

26.

O, if ye'll come to the bonnie Cowehill,
  'Mang primrose banks to wooe;
I'll wash ye ilk day i' the new milked milk,
  An' bind wi' gold yere brow.

27.

An' a' for a drink o' the clear water
  Ye'se hae the rosie wine;
An' a' for the water white lilie,
  Ye'se hae these arms o' mine

28.

But what 'll she say, yere bonnie young bride,
  Busked wi' the siller fine;
Whan the rich kisses ye kept for her lips
  Are left wi' vows on mine?

29.

He took his lips frae her red-rose mou',
  His arm frae her waist sae sma';
Sweet maiden, I'm in bridal speed,
  It's time I were awa.

30.

O gie me a token o' luve, sweet May,
  A leal luve token true.
She crapped a lock o' yellow gowden hair,
  An' knotted it roun' his brow.

31.

O tie nae it sae strait, sweet May,
  But wi' luve's rose-knot kind;
My head is fu' o' burning pain,
  O saft ye maun it bind.

32.

His skin turned a' o' the red-rose hue,
  Wi' draps o' bludie sweat;
An' he laid his head 'mang the water lilies—
  Sweet maiden, I maun sleep.

33.

She tied ae link o' her wet yellow hair
  Aboon his burning bree;
Amang his curling haffet locks
  She knotted knurles three.

34.

She weaved owre his brow the white lilie,
  Wi' witch-knots more than nine;
Gif ye were seven times bride-groom owre,
  This night ye shall be mine.

35.

O twice he turned his sinking head,
  An' twice he lifted his ee;
An' twice he sought to lift the links
  Were knotted owre his bree.

36.

Arise, sweet knight, yere young bride waits,
  An' doubts her ale will sour;
An' wistly looks at the lilie-white sheets,
  Down spread in ladie-bower.

37.

An' she has preened the broidered silk
  About her white hause-bane;
Her princely petticoat is on,
  Wi' gold can stand its lane.

38.

He faintlie, slowlie, turn'd his cheek,
  And faintly lift his ee,
And he strave to loose the witching bands
  Aboon his burning bree.

39.

Then took she up his green mantle,
  Of lowing gold the hem;
Then took she up his silken cap,
  Rich wi' a siller stem;
An' she threw them wi' her lilie hand
  Amang the white sea faem.

40.

She took the bride ring frae his finger
  An' threw it in the sea;
That hand shall mense nae ither ring
  But wi' the will o' me.

41.

She faulded him i' her lilie arms,
  An' left her pearlie kame;
His fleecy locks trailed owre the sand,
  As she took the white sea-faem.

42.

First rose the star out owre the hill,
  An' niest the lovelier moon;
While the beauteous bride o' Galloway
  Looked for her blithe bridegroom.

43.

Lightly she sang while the new-moon rose,
  Blithe as a young bride may,
Whan the new-moon lights her lamp o' luve,
  An' blinks the bride away.

44.

Nithsdale, thou art a gay garden,
  Wi' monie a winsome flower;
But the princeliest rose o' that garden
  Maun blossom in my bower.

45.

Oh, gentle be the wind on thy leaf,
And gentle the gloaming dew;
And bonnie and balmy be thy bud,
Of a pure and stedfast hue;
And she who sings this sang in thy praise,
Shall love thee leal and true.

46.

An' ay she sewed her silken snood,
An' sung a bridal sang;
But aft the tears drapt frae her ee,
Afore the grey morn cam.

47.

The sun leam'd ruddie 'mang the dew,
Sae thick on bank and tree;
The plow-boy whistled at his darke,
The milk-may answer'd hie;
But the lovely bride o' Galloway
Sat wi' a tear-wet ee.

48.

Ilk breath o' wind 'mang the forest leaves
She heard the bridegroom's tongue,
And she heard the bridal-coming lilt
In every bird which sung.

49.

She sat high on the tap-tower stane,
Nae waiting May was there;
She loosed the gold busk frae her breast,
The kame frae 'mang her hair;
She wiped the tear-blobs frae her ee,
An' looked lang and sair.

50.

First sang to her the blithe wee bird,
Frae aff the hawthorn green;
Loose out the love curls frae yere hair,
Ye plaited sae weel yestreen.

51.

An' the spreckled lark frae 'mang the clouds
Of heaven came singing down;
Take out the bride-knots frae yere hair,
An' let these lang locks down.

52.

Come, bide wi' me, ye pair o' sweet birds,
Come down an' bide wi' me;
Ye shall peckle o' the bread an' drink o' the wine,
And gold yere cage shall be.

53.

She laid the bride-cake 'neath her head,
And syne below her feet;
An' laid her down 'tween the lilie-white sheets,
An' soundly did she sleep.

54.

It seem'd i' the mid-hour o' the night,
Her siller-bell did ring;
An' soun't as if nae earthlie hand
Had pou'd the silken string.

55.

There was a cheek touch'd that ladye's,
Cauld as the marble stane,
An' a hand cauld as the drifting snaw,
Was laid on her breast-bane.

56.

O cauld is thy hand, my dear Willie,
O cauld, cauld is thy cheek;
An' wring these locks o' yellow hair,
Frae which the cauld draps dreep.

57.

O seek anither bridegroom, Marie,
On these bosom-faulds to sleep;
My bride is the yellow water lilie,
Its leaves my bridal sheet!

THE
LEGEND OF RICHARD FAULDER.

THE LEGEND OF RICHARD FAULDER,

MARINER.

Voyage in the Spectre Shallop.

FITTE FIRST.

1.

It was Hallowmass eve;—like a bride at her bowering
The moon on green Skiddaw sat shining,—and showering
Her silver light on the Solway waves,—steeping
In brightness the cormorants rocking and sleeping:
The lone Ellenbrook 'neath the brown boughs was sim-
mering,
In castle and cottage the candles were glimmering;
No foot was abroad,—dread of witch-spell and glamour
Bound matron and maid to the hall and the chaumer.
In a mariner's ear the night-tide singeth sweet;
So I sat and I gazed, while the flood, at my feet,
Leap'd, and murmur'd:—I thought when the stiff breeze
was sounding,
How my bark through the billows went breasting and
bounding;
And I long'd much to lift up my halser, and fly
Where there 's nought to be gazed at but ocean and sky.

2.

As I wish'd, lo! there came my bright bark, Barbara Allan;
Her fair shadow far on the moonlight flood falling;
Her silk pennon streaming so gay at her side,
And her gallant sails bent all in seafaring pride:
Around her the glad waters, leaping and flashing,
Clave wide with delight, and away she went dashing:
Before the fair presence of my beauteous shallop
The cormorants fly, and the porpoises gallop;
The seamews dive down, and the seagulls go soaring,
As her prow through the deep brine goes sweeping and snoring.
Loud and loud came the voice from the mainland to hail her—
The glad whistle, the shout, and free song of the sailor.
John Selby, cried faint, and then bolder and bolder,
"Ho! launch out the boat, and bring me Richard Faulder!"
He whistled—the boat, with one stroke of the oar,
At my foot made a furrow ell deep in the shore.

3.

I laugh'd and sprung in,—soon the smitten waves parted,
And flash'd, as along to my shallop I darted.
The mariners shouted, nor lack'd there the tone
Of tongues which from boyhood to manhood I'd known;
The mariners shouted, nor lack'd they the form
Of friends who with me had braved tempest and storm:
And away went the shallop, with bent sail and rudder,
And the shore gave a groan, and the sea gave a shudder.

We hail'd the clear diamond on green Criffel burning,
That stream'd on our path, like the star of the morning;
And gleaming behind us, shot o'er the wild seas
The Hallowmass torches of bonnie Saint Bees;
The sweet glens of Cumberland lessen'd,—and colder
The moonbeam became, and the wind waken'd bolder;
And the sable flood roar'd, while along the rude furrow
The slender bark flew, with the flight of an arrow.

4.

'Twas sweet now to hear how the strain'd canvas sung,
As, right on our path, like a reindeer we sprung;
'Twas sweet now to hear how the chafed wind kept trying
The might of our mast, and the foaming waves frying:
'Twas sweet from the stem to the stern to be pacing,—
In the chart of my mind the bark's course to be tracing,—
In some far sunny bay to be dropping our anchor;
Or, where the spiced woodlands tower'd greener and ranker,
To chace, when the sun on the desert smote sorest,
The fleet-footed deer, and the king of the forest;
Or, where the free balm richer dropt from the bushes,
Hear the frank maiden's sighs in her shealing of rushes,
As she thinks, while her girdle grows tighter, of sailing
With one who had loved, and had left her bewailing:—
Such thoughts came upon me—Mid curse and carousing,
The Man Island smugglers sat singing and bousing;
They ceased as we passed, and an old man cried, "See!
Lo! there goes the Spectre-ship sundering the sea!"

5.

Loud laugh'd all my mariners—and as they laugh'd,
there
Fell a thick smoke from heaven, that choak'd the sweet
air;
Loud laugh'd all the mariners—and as they laugh'd,
whistling,
Like the hunting hawk's wings, went the wing'd shal-
lop rustling,
And at once o'er our heads there came stooping a cloud
Huge and sable, that swathed up my ship like a shroud;
Above and about me the low thunder pudder'd,
A dread fell upon me—the dark ocean shudder'd!
A rush of wind came, and away the cloud pass'd—
And there sat a hoary OLD ONE at the mast,
With his furrow'd brows bent down, like one in devo-
tion,
And his ancient eyes cast on the star-gleaming ocean.
"Hoary father," I said, "ill it suits thee to brave
The moisture of night, and the damp of the wave:
Go hillock my blankets above thee—and here,
Take this tass of strong water to charm thee and cheer!"

6.

The OLD ONE look'd up—Then the hawthorn's sweet
timmer
Had shed its rich bloom on my twenty third simmer,—
The OLD ONE look'd up—Then these hoar locks were
black,
As the moor-cock's soot wing, or the sea eagle's back;—

But from glad three and twenty till threescore and
seven,
From my locks like the snow, to my locks like the
raven,
I never beheld such an aspect;—abaft
I leapt in dismay,—and the Ancient One laugh'd!
Laugh'd loud, and a thousand unseen lips laugh'd round,
And the smooth pleasant sea murmur'd far to the sound.
My comrades were vanish'd—men, framed by the spell
Of the fiends, with their bark, in the dock-yards of hell,
To wile Richard Faulder, at midnight unhallow'd,—
When the dark angels rule,—in the sea to be swallow'd!
Away flew the fiend-bark, so smoothly and fine
That she seem'd more to swim in the air than the brine;
The green islands stoop'd low their heads as we pass'd,
And the stars seem'd in pairs from the firmament cast;
Sole charmer, alone the charm'd moon stay'd to smile,
Till my Grey Guide dropp'd anchor before a green isle.

FITTE SECOND.

1.

It was a fair land, that sprung up like the blossom-
Ing rose when the dew has fall'n soft on its bosom:
Of balm smell'd the woods, and of myrrh smell'd the
mountains;
Of fruit smell'd the valleys, of wine smell'd the foun-
tains;
The waves on the shore all in concert kept springing,
With the soft nightingale sitting 'mongst the boughs
singing;

The winds in the woodtops sung to a glad tune,
Like a small bird's vôice heard 'mongst the brown bees
in June;
And each time the breeze in the woodlands made stir,
The ship's sails seemed steep'd in frankincense and
myrrh.
Around sang the mermaids—one swam till her hair,
Like gold melting in silver, show'd wavering and rare;
One reclined on a couch all of shell-work and spars,
And warbled charm'd words to the Hesperide stars;
There one, with a shriek more of rapture than fear,
With the bright waters bubbling around her, came near,
And seeing the shallop, and forms of rude men,
Shriek'd,—clave wide the water,—and vanish'd again.
I stood at the helm, and beheld one asleep—
James Graeme, a young sailor I lost in the deep;
All lovely as lifetime, though summer suns seven,
Since his loss, his young sister to sorrow had given.
A mermaid a soft couch had made him, the tender
One sat nigh and warbled,—her voice, sweet and
slender,
Pierced through the mute billows; all tear-dew'd and
shaking
I gazed, and the form as I gazed seem'd to waken;
All the seamaids with song hail'd him from his long
slumber,
And their songs had no end, and their tongues had no
number.
The Old One leap'd up with a laugh—but there came
A bright Figure past him, he ceased,—and, in shame,

Dropp'd his eyes and sat mute—the rebuked ocean veil'd
Her loose bosom, and loud all her mermaidens wail'd.

2.

The green land of mermaidens vanish'd, and soon
A fair island rose, round and bright as the moon;
Where damsels as pure as, lone Skiddaw! thy flocks,
Show'd blue eyes and bosoms from thickets and rocks;
Or lay on the sward, half reveal'd and half shielded—
(The flowers, touch'd by beauty, a richer scent yielded);
Or sat and loud love-ditties warbled, and sang
And harp'd so melodious that all the woods rang.
And there lay a fair one 'tween sleeping and waking,
The breeze her dark brow-tresses moving and shaking,
Round her temples they cluster'd all glossy and gleaming,
Or gush'd o'er her bosom-snow, curling and streaming.
I wish'd—for that sight chased remembrance away—
And the bark knew my wishes, and stood for the bay:
Less old and less ghastly my dread comrade grew—
With the change of his look, like a levin-flash, flew
From the stem to the stern a bright PRESENCE—I saw
The ANCIENT ONE tremble—I prayed in mine awe,
And named GOD! with a bound from the lewd isle we started,
O'er the flood like the wild flame the spectre-bark darted.

3.

The moon sunk--the flame o'er dark heaven went rushing,
The loud thunder follow'd, the rain-flood came gushing,

I sain'd myself oft, yet no shape could I see,
Either bless'd or unbless'd, save that Old One and
me.
The thunder-burst ceased—dropt the wind—yet our
flight
Wax'd swifter—I long'd for the merry morn-light:
No light came, and soon, shadow'd high o'er the flood,
Rose a huge dusky outline of mountain and wood,
And I saw a deep vale, and beheld a dark river,
And away flew the bark as a shaft from the quiver.
Around me the waters kept toiling and dashing,
On the land stood a crowd their teeth grinding and
gnashing,—
Groups of figures, who hover'd 'tween living and dying,
And "water" and "water" continually crying,—
Loud cursing, and stooping their lips to the flood,
While the stream as they touch'd it was changed into
blood:—
Their crime has no name—for those wretches who
hate
Their home and their country, her glory and state,
Are born without name, and live nameless, and die
As dishonour should ever. I hearken'd their cry
And gazed on their persons—in bliss or in pain
Some marks of the semblance immortal remain;
But those came in aspect so grisly and ghast,
That my Grey Guide smiled scorn, and flew sullenly
past;
And a yell such as wolves give when baffled of blood,
Came following us far down that dark dismal flood.

4.

And away we rush'd on, while along the shores follow
A shout and a shriek, and a yell and a hollo!
And a thick cloud was there, and amidst it a cry
Of the tortured in spirit flew mournfully by;
And I saw, through the darkness, the war-steeds careering,
The rushing of helm'd ones, the fierce charioteering;
I heard shouting millions, the clang of opposing
Sharp steel unto steel, and the cry at the closing;
The neighing of horses, and that tender moan
Which the smote courser yields when his glory is gone—
I have heard him in battle to moan and to shriek,
With an agony to which human agony's weak.
I heard the trump clang—of fierce captains the cheering—
The descent of the sword hewing, cleaving, and shearing;
Earth murmur'd and yawn'd, and disclosing, like hell,
A fathomless gulph, ate them up as they fell.
The Old One smiled ghastly with gladness, and starker
The wild havoc wax'd, and the rolling flames darker.
The tumult pass'd by—and a swift glance I gave,
And the greensward stood gaping like death and the grave;
Far down, and still downward, my glance seem'd to enter,
And beheld earth's dread secrets from surface to centre.
Crush'd helms, altars, crowns, swords, and monument stones,
Gods, gold, sceptres, mitres and marrowless bones—

Lay thick—things immortal, men deem'd them!—for ever
That grass will grow green, and flow on will that river;
The fair sun, now riding so beauteous in noon,—
The stars all preparing for shining,—the moon
Which maidens love much to walk under,—the flowing
Of that stream—who can stay, or that green grass from
growing?
The stars are for ever,—the wind in its flight,
The moon in her beaming, the sun in his might:
But man and his glory!—the tide in the bay,
The snow in the sun, are less fleeting than they.

5.

I still stood dread gazing, and lo, there came on,
With sobbing and wailing, and weeping and moan,
A concourse of wretches, some reverend, some regal,
Their robes all in rags, and with claws like the eagle:
The miser was there, with looks vulgar and sordid;
The lord too was there, but no longer he lorded;
Anointed heads came—but a monarch still stronger
Rules now, and no king shall reign sterner or longer:
There ONE stood, whose hero-blood, boiling and brave,
Is cold as the peasant, and dull as the slave;
And HIM whose proud name, while there lives a bard-
strain,
And a heart that can throb, must immortal remain;
Immortal remain too, in spite of the clods
Of gross earth, who inherit that name of the gods.
Beside them stood rank'd up, in shadowy array,
The harp-in-hand minstrels whose names live for aye;

Those bright minds the muses so honour'd and served,
And whom our rich nobles have lauded—and starved—
All vision'd in glory:—in prostrate obeisance
Mammon's mighty men fell—and seem'd damn'd by their
presence.
There Butler I saw, with his happy wit growing,
Like a river, still deeper the more it kept flowing;
Young Chatterton's rich antique sweetness and glory;
And Otway, who breathes while warm nature rules story.

6.

The land breeze lay mute, and the dark stream lay calm,
But my guide gave a nod, and away the bark swam;
And I heard from the mountains, and heard from the trees,
The song of the stream, and the murmuring of bees;
From the low-bloomy bush, and the green grassy sward,
Were the sweet evening bird, and the grasshopper heard,
While the balm from the woodland, and forest, and lea,
Came dropping and sprinkling its riches on me.
And I heard a deep shriek, and a long sob of woe;
And beheld a procession, all mournful and slow,
Of forms who came down to the river in ranks,
Their stain'd marriage garments to blanch on the banks:
Ranks of regal and noble adultresses steeping
Their limbs and their robes, and still wailing and weep-
ing;
Vain toil—all the water of that dismal river
Can cleanse not those stains—they wax deeper than ever.
One came and gazed on me—then fill'd all the air
With shriekings, and wrong'd her white bosom, and hair;

All faded and fallen was the glance and the mien
Of her whom I woo'd and adored at eighteen.
She fell from her station, forsook the pure trust
Of my heart—wedded—sinn'd, and sunk deeper than
dust:
To my deep sleep by night and my waking by day,
There's a fair vision comes that will not pass away.
I turn'd mine eyes from her;—the bark, fast and free,
Went furrowing the foam of the bonnie green sea.

FITTE THIRD.

1.

We furrow'd the foam of the bonnie green sea,
And sweet was the sound of its waters to me;
We bore away eastward; it seem'd as grey day
Gan to mottle the mountains—away, and away,
As we wanton'd, the billows came curling in night
I' th' eastward,—but westward they sparkled in light.
The wind in our mainsail sang fitful and loud,
And the cry of the sea-eagle came from the cloud;
We pass'd wooded headland, and sharp promontory,
And ocean-rock famous in maritime story;
Till the sun with a burst o'er the tall eastern pines,
Shower'd his strength on the ocean in long gleaming lines—
And lo! and behold! we rode fair in the bay
Of that fairest of friths, the broad sunny Solway:
There tower'd haughty Skiddaw; here rose Criffel green;
There, haunted Caerlaverock's white turrets between,
Green Man, like a garden, lay scenting the seas;
Gay maidens gazed seaward from sunny Saint Bees—

Dumfries's bright spires, Dalswinton's wild hill,
Comlongan's grey turrets,—deep Nith, winding still
'Tween her pine-cover'd margins her clear-gushing
waters,
Which mirror the shapes of her song-singing daughters;
Thou too, my own Allanbay, sea-swept and sunny;
Whitehaven for maidens, black, comely, and bonny;
And generous Arbigland, by mariners hallow'd,
A name known in prayer, and in blessing, and ballad.

2.

As I look'd, two gay barks from their white halsers broke
With a shout o'er the billows from Barnhourie rock;
Their white pennons flaunted, their masts seem'd to bend,
As they pass'd the rough headland of cavern'd Colvend;
My ANCIENT GUIDE smiled, and his old hand he lay'd
On the helm,—and the ship felt his wish and obey'd:
Her head from sweet Allanbay suddenly turning,
Sprung away—and the billows beneath her seem'd
burning.
Nigh the sister barks came, and the deep shores were
ringing
With a merry wild legend the seamen kept singing,
Nor man's voice alone o'er the sea-wave could render
Bard's labour so witching, and charming, and tender;
For I heard a rich voice through that old legend pour'd,
The voice too of Her I long served and adored;
Hard fortune, false friends, and mine ill-destinie,
And the dark grave have sunder'd that sweet one from
me.

3.

Soon the sister barks came, and shout, yelloch, and mirth,
Now rung in the water, and rung in the earth;
And I saw on the decks, with their merry eyes glancing,
And all their fair temple locks heaving and dancing,
Not my true love alone; but maids mirthsome and free,
And as frank as the wind to the leaf of the tree.
There was Katherine Oneen, Lurgan's bonniest daughter,
Gay Mally Macbride, from the haunted Bann water,
And she who lays all seamen's hearts in embargoes,
Who have hearts for to lose, in old kind Carrickfergus.
Green Nithsdale had sent me her frank Nannie Haining,
With an eye that beam'd less for devotion than sinning;
Mary Carson the meek, and Kate Candlish the gay,
Two maids from the mountains of blythe Galloway;
And Annand, dear Annand, my joys still regarding,
Sent her joyous Johnstone, her blythesomer Jardine;
And bonnie Dumfries, which the muse loves so well,
Came gladdening my heart with her merry Maxwell;
And loveliest and last, lo! a sweet maiden came,
I trust not my tongue with recording her name,—
She is flown to the land of the leal, and I'm left,
As a bird from whose side the left wing has been reft.

4.

Glad danced all the damsels—their long flowing hair
In bright tresses swam in the dewy morn air;
More lovely they look'd, and their eyes glanced more killing,
As the music wax'd louder, and warmer, and thrilling

The waves leap'd and sang, and seem'd with the meek
lute
To keep, not to give, the meet time to the foot.
The shaven masts quiver'd, the barks to the sound
Moved amid the deep waters with start and with bound;
All the green shores remurmur'd, and there seemed to
run
Strange shapes on the billows; the light of the sun
Was lustrous and wild, and its shooting gleam gave
More of cold than of warmth to the swelling sea-wave.
I trembled and gazed, for I thought on the hour,
When the witch has her will, and the fiend has his power,
And the sea-spirit rides the dark waters aboon,
Working mariners woe 'neath the Hallowmass moon.
And I thought on my old merry mate, Martin Halmer,
Doom'd till doomsday to sail in a vessel of glamour,
Between sunny Saint Bees and the Mouth of the Orr—
Wives pray still, as shrieking he shoots from the shore.

5.

Now nigh came the sister barks—nigher and nigher—
More gay grew the song, more melodious the lyre;
More lovely maids look'd, and their feet leap'd more free,
The rocks rung, and more merrily sung the green sea:
And I gazed, for I could not but gaze, and there stood—
Meek and mild her dark eye-glance down-cast on the
flood—
That fair one whose looks, while ships swim the salt sea,
Light comes to morning, and leaves to the tree,
While birds love the greenwood, and fish the fresh river,
Shall bless me, and charm me, for ever and ever.

O I deem'd that nought evil might mimic the light
Of those dark eyes divine, and that forehead so bright,
Nought from the grim sojourn unhallow'd, unshriven,
Dared put on the charms, and the semblance of heaven;
She glanced her eye on me—from white brow to bosom,
All ruddy she wax'd, as the dewy rose blossom.
I call'd on my love—with a blush and a sigh,
And side-looking, as still was her wont, she drew nigh.

6.

"Heaven bless thee!" I said,—even while I was speaking,
The phantom barks vanish'd, with yelling and shrieking;
And mine Ancient Guide glared, as a tiger will glare,
When he comes to his den and the hunters are there:
And changing his shape, to a cormorant he grew,
Thrice clanging his wings round the shallop he flew;
And away from the sea and the shore, in his flight,
Fast faded and vanish'd that charmed day-light.
Down on the dread deck then my forehead I laid,
Call'd on Him that's on high—to his meek Son, I pray'd:
The spectre bark shook—'neath my knees seem'd to run
The planking, like snow in the hot summer sun:
Such darkness dropt on me as when the sea wars
With the heaven, and quenches the moon, and the stars;
And my dread guide flew round me, in swift airy rings,
Stooping down, like a sea raven, clapping his wings—
A raven no more, now a fire he became,
And thrice round the shallop has flown the fiend-flame;
In the flame flew a form; and the bark, as he shot
Shrivel'd down to a barge, and a bottomless boat—

And I call'd unto him who is mighty to save;
Swift his spirit flew down and rebuked the sea-wave,
And smote the charm'd boat; with a shudder it sounded
Away through the flood, on the greensward I bounded;
And back flew the boat, to a black mist I saw
It dissolve—I gazed seaward in terror and awe;
While my Fiend Guide passed off, like a shadow, and said
"Mahoun had not power to harm hair of thy head!"
I praised God, and pondering sought gladly my way,
To the merriment-making in sweet Allanbay.
But never may landsman or mariner more
Muse in Hallowmass eve on that haunted sea shore;
Nor behold the fiend's wonders he works in the main,
With my Guide and his dread Spectre Shallop again!

TWENTY SCOTTISH SONGS.

SONGS.

KNOW YE THE FAIR ONE WHOM I LOVE.

1.

Know ye the fair one whom I love?
  High is her white and holy brow;
Her looks so saintly-sweet and pure,
  Make men adore who come to wooe.
Her neck, o'er which her tresses hing,
Is snow beneath a raven's wing.

2.

Her lips are like the red-rose bud,
  Dew-parted in a morn of June;
Her voice is gentler than the sound
  Of some far-heard and heavenly tune.
Her little finger, white and round,
Can make a hundred hearts to bound.

3.

My love's two eyes are bonnie stars,
  Born to adorn the summer skies;
And I will by our tryste-thorn sit,
  To watch them at their evening rise;
That when they shine on tower and tree,
Their heavenly light may fall on me.

4.

Come, starry eve, demure and gray,
  Now is the hour when maidens wooe,
Come shake o'er wood, and bank, and brae,
  Thy tresses moist with balmy dew:
Thy dew ne'er dropt on flower or tree,
So lovely or so sweet as she.

5.

The laverock's bosom shone with dew,
  Beside us on the lilied lea,
She sung her mate down from the cloud
  To warble by my love and me;
Nor from her young ones sought to move,
For well she saw our looks were love.

BONNIE LADY ANN.

1.

There's kames o' honey 'tween my luve's lips,
  An' gold amang her hair,
Her breasts are lapt in a holie veil;
  Nae mortal een look there.
What lips dare kiss, or what hand dare touch,
  Or what arm o' luve dare span
The honey lips, the creamy palm,
  Or the waist o' Lady Ann!

2.

She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red rose,
Wat wi' the blobs o' dew;
But nae gentle lip, nor semple lip,
Maun touch her Ladie mou.
But a broider'd belt, wi' a buckle o' gold,
Her jimpy waist maun span—
O she's an armfu' fit for heaven,
My bonnie Ladie Ann.

3.

Her bower casement is latticed wi' flowers,
Tied up wi' silver thread,
An' comely sits she in the midst,
Men's longing een to feed.
She waves the ringlets frae her cheek,
Wi' her milky, milky han',
An' her cheeks seem touch'd wi' the finger o' God,
My bonnie Ladie Ann!

4.

The morning cloud is tassel'd wi' gold,
Like my luve's broider'd cap,
An' on the mantle which my luve wears
Is monie a golden drap.
Her bonnie eebrow's a holie arch
Cast by no earthlie han';
An' the breath o' Heaven's atween the lips
O' my bonnie Ladie Ann!

5.

I am her father's gardener lad,
An' poor, poor is my fa';
My auld mither gets my sair-won fee,
Wi' fatherless bairnies twa.
My een are bauld, they dwall on a place
Where I darena mint my han',
But I water, and tend, and kiss the flowers
O' my bonnie Lady Ann.

MY AIN COUNTREE.

1.

The sun rises bright in France,
And fair sets he;
But he has tint the blythe blink he had
In my ain countree.
O! gladness comes to many,
But sorrow comes to me,
As I look o'er the wide ocean
To my ain countree.

2.

O! it's not my ain ruin
That saddens aye my ee,
But the love I left in Galloway,
Wi' bonnie bairns three;

My hamely hearth burn'd bonnie,
And smiled my fair Marie,—
I've left a' my heart behind me,
In my ain countree.

3.

The bud comes back to summer,
An' the blossom to the bee,
But I win back—oh never!
To my ain countree.
I'm leal to the high heaven,
Which will be leal to me;
An' there I'll meet ye a' soon,
Frae my ain countree.

I'LL GANG NAE MAIR TO YON TOWN.

1.

I'LL gang nae mair to yon town,
Betide me joy, betide me pain;
I've tint my heart in yon town,
And dare na gang the gate again.
The sun shall cease to thowe the snaw,
The corn to shoot wi' simmer rain,
When I gang back to yon town,
And see the gate my heart has gane.

2.

Yestreen I went to yon town,
  Wi' heart in pleasure panting free,
As stag won from the hunter's snare,
  Or birdie building on the tree;
But ae half-hour tint all my peace,
  And lair'd my soul in dool and pain,
And weary fa' the witchcraft wit
  That winna let it free again.

3.

Had I but been by fortune's hand
  In the silk lap of grandeur thrown,
And she had trimm'd the humblest home
  That ever rose in Caledon;
I'd clad her in a starry robe,
  And claspt her to my bosom fain;
And blest the happy hour I went
  To see the mirthsome town again.

4.

She's fairer than a summer morn,
  And purer than the spotless sky;
Far is the journey to her heart,
  She measures in her haughty eye.
But she is sweeter than the rose
  New bathed amang the balmy rain—
And I maun gang to yon town,
  And see the lovesome maid again.

THE WANTON WIFE.

1.

Nith, trembling to the reapers' song,
  Warm glimmer'd in the morning sun,
And murmur'd up the greenwood glen,
  Where Kate the wanton cummer wonne.
Her tongue aye wagg'd wi' graceless wit,
  Stay'd by nor kirk nor gospel ban;
And aye she wish'd the kirk-yard mools
  Were green aboon her auld goodman.

2.

Her auld goodman dropt in at e'en,
  Wi' harvest-hook sore toil'd was he;
Sma' was his cog, and cauld his kale,
  Yet anger never raised his ee.
He blest the little, and was blythe,—
  While Kate wi' clamorous tongue began;
Now sorrow clap thy auld bald pow,
  And dance w'ye to the mools, goodman.

3.

He look'd at her, but did nae speak,
  And down he lay in dool and pine;
While she sat singing in the nook,
  And touting at the rosy wine.
The lark amid the morning grey,
  That wont to cheer him workward gaun,
Next morning miss'd among the dew
  The blythe and dainty auld goodman.

4.

The third morn-dew on bank and tree
'Gan in the rising sun to glow,
When sung the wanton wife to see
His feet gaun foremost o'er the knowe.
The first flight of the winter rime,
That on the kirk-yard sward had faun,
She skift it from his lowly grave,
A-kirking wi' her new goodman.

5.

A dainty dame I wot she was;
Baith brent and burnish'd was her brow
'Mang curling love-locks, and her lips
Were daisies born 'mang may-day dew;
And lightsome was she in the dance,
When ha' was het, or kirn was wan;
Her hands seem'd drifts of virgin snow,
In cauld December's bosom faun.

6.

But long ere winter's winds flew by,
She skirled in her lonesome howe;
Her husband wi' a hazel rung
Began to kame her wanton powe.
Her hearth was quench'd with woe and care,
Toom grew her chest, and cauld her pan
And driegh and dowie wax'd the night,
Ere beltane, with her new goodman.

7.

She dreary sits 'tween naked wa's,
Her cheeks ne'er dimpling into mirth,
Half happit, haurling out of doors,
And hunger-haunted at her hearth.
Her faded eyes are full of tears,
Her voice is changed, her cheek is wan;
And loud and bitter are her sobs,
When she thinks on her auld goodman.

A WEARY BODIE'S BLYTHE WHAN THE SUN GANGS DOWN.

1.

A weary bodie's blythe whan the sun gangs down,
A weary bodie's blythe whan the sun gangs down:
To smile wi' his wife, and to daute wi' his weans,
Wha wadna be blythe whan the sun gangs down?

2.

The simmer sun's lang, an' we've a' toiled sair,
Frae sun-rise to sun-set's a dreigh tack o' care;
But at hame for to daute 'mang our wee bits o' weans,
We think on our toils an' our cares nae mair.

3.

The Saturday sun gangs ay sweetest down,
My bonnie boys leave their wark i' the town;
My heart loups light at my ain ingle side,
Whan my kin' blythe bairn-time is a' sitting roun'.

4.

The sabbath morning comes, an' warm lowes the sun,
Ilk heart's full o' joy a' the parishen roun';
Round the hip o' the hill comes the sweet psalm tune,
An' the auld fowk a' to the preaching are bowne.

5.

The hearts o' the younkers loup lightsome, to see
The gladness which dwalls in their auld grannie's ee;
An' they gather i' the sun,' side the green haw-tree,
Nae new-flown birds are sae mirthsome an' hie.

6.

Tho' my sonsie dame's cheeks nae to auld age are prief,
Tho' the roses which blumed there are smit i' the leaf;
Tho' the young blinks o' luve hae a' died in her ee,
She is bonnier an' dearer than ever to me!

7.

I mind when I thought the sun didnae shine
On a form half so fair, or a face so divine;
She was wooed in the parlour, and sought in the ha',
But I won her away frae the wit o' them a'.

8.

Ance Poortith came in 'yont our hallan to keek,
But my Jeanie was nursing an' singing sae sweet,
That she laid down her powks at anither door-cheek,
An steppit blythely ben her auld shanks for to beek.

9.

My hame is the mailen weel stockit an' fu,
My bairns are the flocks an' the herds which I loo ;—
My Jeanie is the gold an' delight o' my ee,
She's worth a hale lairdship o' mailens to me !

10.

O wha wad fade awa like a flower i' the dew,
An' nae leave a sprout for kind heaven to pu'?
Wha wad rot 'mang the mools, like the stump o' the tree,
Wi' nae shoots the pride o' the forest to be?

THE LASS OF PRESTON-MILL.

1.

The lark had left the evening cloud,
The dew fell soft, the wind was lowne,—
Its gentle breath amang the flowers
Scarce stirr'd the thistle's top of down;

The dappled swallow left the pool,
  The stars were blinking o'er the hill,
When I met among the hawthorns green
  The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

2.

Her naked feet amang the grass
  Shone like two dewy lilies fair;
Her brow beam'd white aneath her locks
  Black curling o'er her shoulders bare;
Her cheeks were rich wi' bloomy youth,
  Her lips had words and wit at will,
And heaven seem'd looking through her een,
  The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

3.

Quoth I, fair lass, wilt thou gang wi' me,
  Where black-cocks crow, and plovers cry?
Six hills are woolly wi' my sheep,
  Six vales are lowing wi' my kye.
I have look'd long for a weel-faured lass,
  By Nithsdale's holms, and many a hill—
She hung her head like a dew-bent rose,
  The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

4.

I said, sweet maiden, look nae down,
  But gie's a kiss, and come with me;
A lovelier face O ne'er look'd up,—
  The tears were dropping frae her ee.

I hae a lad who's far awa',
  That weel could win a woman's will;
My heart's already full of love,—
  Quoth the lovely lass of Preston-mill.

5.

Now who is he could leave sic a lass,
  And seek for love in a far countree?
Her tears dropp'd down like simmer dew;
  I fain had kiss'd them frae her ee.
I took ae kiss o' her comely cheek—
  For pity's sake, kind sir, be still;
My heart is full of other love,
  Quoth the lovely lass of Preston-mill.

6.

She streek'd to heaven her twa white hands,
  And lifted up her watry ee—
Sae lang's my heart kens aught o' God,
  Or light is gladsome to my ee;
While woods grow green, and burns run clear,
  Till my last drop of blood be still,
My heart shall haud nae other love,
  Quoth the lovely lass of Preston-mill.

7.

There's comely maids on Dee's wild banks,
  And Nith's romantic vale is fu';
By Ae and Clouden's hermit streams,
  Dwells many a gentle dame, I trow.

O! they are lights of a bonnie kind,
  As ever shone on vale and hill,
But there's ae light puts them all out,—
  The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

THE LAVEROCK DRIED HIS WINGS I' THE SUN.

1.

The laverock dried his wings i' the sun,
  Aboon the bearded barley,
When a bonnie lad to my window came,
  Wi' me to haud a parley.
Are you dreaming o' me, my winsome lass,
  Or thinking o' me I ferly;
Arise, and come to the faulds wi' me,
  Amang the dews sae pearly.

2.

First I put on my jupes sae green,
  And kilted my coaties rarely,
And dipp'd my feet in the morning dew,
  And went wi' bonnie Charley.
It's sweet to be waken'd by ane we love,
  At night, or morning early;
Its sweet to be kiss'd as forth we walk,
  By the lad we love sae dearly.

3.

The sun he rose, and better rose,
And o'er the hills low'd rarely;
The wee lark sang, and higher sang,
Aboon the bearded barley.
We woo'd sae lang on the sunny knowe,
Where the gowan heads hang pearly,
Till the tod broke into the lambkin's fauld,
And left my lad fu' barely.

THE BROKEN HEART OF ANNIE.

1.

Down yon green glen, in yon wee bower,
Lived fair and lovely Annie:
Ere she saw seventeen simmer suns,
She waxed wond'rous bonnie.
Young Lord Dalzell at her bower door
Had privily been calling,
When she grew faint, and sick of heart,
And moanings fill'd her dwelling.

2.

I found her as a lilie flower,
When dew hangs in its blossom,
Wet were her cheeks, and a sweet babe
Hung smiling at her bosom.

Such throbs ran through her frame, as seem'd
  Her heart and soul to sever;
In no one's face she look'd—her bloom
  Was fading—and for ever.

3.

Thou hast thy father's smile, my babe,
  Maids' eyes to dim with grieving,
His wiling glance, which woman's heart
  Could fill with fond believing;
A voice that made his falsest vows
  Seem breathings of pure heaven,
And get, from hearts which he had broke,
  His injuries forgiven.

4.

My false love came to me yestreen,
  With words all steep'd in honey,
And kiss'd his babe, and said, sweet wean,
  Be as thy mother bonnie.
And out he pull'd a purse of gold,
  With rings and rubies many—
I look'd at him, but could not speak,
  Ye've broke the heart of Annie.

5.

It's not thy gold and silver bright,
  Thy words like dropping honey,
Thy silken scarfs, and bodice fine,
  And caps all laced an' bonnie,

Can bring me back the peace I've tint,
Or heal the heart of Annie;
Speak to thy God of thy broken vows,
For thou hast broken many.

BRIGHT STARS DINNA PEEP IN.

1.

Bright stars dinna peep in,
To see me wi' Mary,
An' O thou bright an' bonnie moon,
Don't at her window tarry.
Sair yestreen ye scared me,
Sair yestreen ye barred me,
Frae kisses kind ye marred me,
Ye peep'd sae in on Mary.

2.

Mary's a winsome quean,
Light as ony fairy;
Mary's a gentle quean,
Oh I daute her dearly.
An' when the moon is moving,
She loves to go a roving,
An' then she's leal an' loving,—
My ain sweet Mary.

THE YOUNG MAXWELL.

1.

Where gang ye, ye silly auld carle,
Wi' yere staff and shepherd fare?
I'm gaun to the hill, thou sodger man,
To shift my hirsels' lair.
Ae stride or twa took the silly auld carle,
An' a good long stride took he;
I trow thou be a freck auld carle,
Will ye show the way to me.

2.

For I have ridden down bonnie Nith,
Sae have I the silver Orr,
And a' for the blood of the young Maxwell,
Which I love as a gled loves gore.
And he is gone with the silly auld carle
Adown by the rocks sae steep,
Until that they came to the auld castle,
That hangs o'er Dee sae deep.

3.

The rocks were high, the woods were dark,
The Dee roll'd in his pride;
Light down and gang, thou sodger man,
For here ye mayna ride.
He drew the reins of his bonnie grey steed,
And gayly down he sprang,
His warcoat was of the scarlet fine,
Where the golden tassels hang.

4.

He threw down his plaid, the silly auld carle,
The bonnet frae 'boon his bree,
And who was it but the young Maxwell,
And his good brown sword drew he.
Thou kill'd my father, thou vile southron,
Sae did ye my brethren three,
Which broke the heart of my ae sister
I loved as the light of my e'e.

5.

Now draw thy sword, thou vile southron,
Red wet wi' blood o' my kin;
That sword it cropt the fairest flower
E'er grew wi' a head to the sun;
Take ae stroke for my dear auld father,
Take twa for my brethren three,
And there's ane to thy heart for my ae sister
I loved as the light o' my e'e.

THE SHEPHERD SEEKS HIS GLOWING HEARTH.

1.

The shepherd seeks his glowing hearth,
The fox calls from the mountain,
The folded flocks are white with rime,
Swans seek the silent fountain;
And midnight starless is and drear,
And Ae's wild waters swelling,
Far up the lonesome greenwood glen,
Where my fair maiden's dwelling.

2.

Wild is the night—green July's eve,
Ne'er balmier seem'd or warmer;
For I sing thy name, and muse on thee,
My mild and winsome charmer;
Thy bower sheds far its trysting light
Through the dark air of December—
Thy father's dreaming o'er his wealth,
Thy mother's in her chamber.

3.

Now is the time for talk, my love,
Soft sighing, mutual wishing,
Heart-throbbings, interchange of vows,
Words breathed mid holy kissing;
All worldly maxims, wisemen's rules,
My raptured soul disdaineth;
For with my love the world is lost,
And all the world containeth.

THOU HAST VOW'D BY THY FAITH, MY JEANIE.

1.

Thou hast vow'd by thy faith, my Jeanie,
By that pretty white hand of thine,
And by all the lowing stars in heaven,
That thou wad aye be mine:
And I have sworn by my faith, my Jeanie,
And by that kind heart of thine,
By all the stars sown thick o'er heaven,
That thou shalt aye be mine.

2.

Foul fa' the hands wad loose sic bands,
  And the heart wad part sic love;
But there's nae hand can loose the band,
  But the finger of Him above.
Though the wee wee cot maun be my bield,
  And my clothing e'er sae mean,
I should lap up rich in the faulds of love,
  Heaven's armfu' of my Jean.

3.

Thy white arm wad be a pillow to me,
  Far softer than the down;
And love wad winnow o'er us his kind kind wings,
  And sweetly we'd sleep and soun.
Come here to me, thou lass whom I love,
  Come here and kneel wi' me,
The morning is full of the presence of God,
  And I cannot pray but thee.

4.

The wind is sweet amang the new flowers,
  The wee birds sing saft on the tree,
Our goodman sits in the bonnie sunshine,
  And a blythe auld bodie is he;
The Beuk maun be ta'en when he comes hame,
  Wi' the holie psalmodie,
And I will speak of thee when I pray,
  And thou maun speak of me.

MY NANIE O.

1.

Red rowes the Nith 'tween bank and brae,
Mirk is the night and rainie-o,
Though heaven and earth should mix in storm,
I'll gang and see my Nanie-o;
My Nanie-o, my Nanie-o;
My kind and winsome Nanie-o,
She holds my heart in love's dear bands,
And nane can do't but Nanie-o.

2.

In preaching time sae meek she stands,
Sae saintly and sae bonnie-o,
I cannot get ae glimpse of grace
For thieving looks at Nanie-o;
My Nanie-o, my Nanie-o;
The world's in love with Nanie-o;
That heart is hardly worth the wear
That wadnae love my Nanie-o.

3.

My breast can scarce contain my heart,
When dancing she moves finely-o;
I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
They sparkle so divinely-o;*

* In the Nanie-o of Allan Ramsay these four beautiful lines will be found; and there they might have remained, had their beauty not been impaired by the presence of Lais and Leda, and Jove and Danaë.

My Nanie-o, my Nanie-o;
The flower o' Nithsdale's Nanie-o;
Love looks frae 'neath her long brown hair,
And says, I dwell wi' Nanie-o.

4.

Tell not, thou star at grey day light,
O'er Tinwald-top so bonnie-o,
My footsteps 'mang the morning dew
When coming frae my Nanie-o;
My Nanie-o, my Nanie-o;
None ken o' me and Nanie-o;
The stars and moon may tell't aboon,
They winna wrong my Nanie-o.

MY HEART IS IN SCOTLAND.

1.

My heart is in Scotland, my heart is not here,
I left it at hame with a lass I love dear:
When the twilight star shines over turret and tree,
I bless its light, Jeanie, and think upon thee.
What distance can fasten, what country can bind,
The flight of my soul, or the march of my mind?
Though hills rise atween us, and wide waters flow,
My heart is in Scotland wherever I go.

2.

As the clear moon arises, O say, dost thou walk,
With the footsteps of him that's departed to talk;

To thy white neck and locks where yon brook slumbers
calm,
Lends the woodbine its odour, the violet its balm?
Or when thou return'st to thy chamber of rest,
Dost thou mark yon bright witness, hung high in the
west?
To its light hold thy pure hands, far purer than snow,
And vow thou wilt love me, come gladness or woe?

3.

The groves which we wooed in, the glens with their
streams,
Still cheer me awake, and still charm me in dreams;
The flower and the bush, and the bank and the tree,
Come each with their tidings, my fair one, of thee;
The minutes seem'd proud of thy presence, nor flew—
Thy white arms clasp'd kinder, mair sweet thy lips grew,
And the blue sky above, and the pure flood below,
Shone and slept, for they seem'd of our rapture to know.

4.

Now where are love's twilight walks? where the soft
sigh,
The chaste greeting, and mild benediction of eye?
The hours when earth's glories seem'd dust at our feet?
The sorrow to sunder, the rapture to meet?
I left them in Scotland's green valleys at hame,
And far from the heaven which holds them I came:
Come wealth or come want, or come weal or come woe,
My heart is in Scotland wherever I go.

THE MARINER.

1.

Ye winds which kiss the groves' green tops,
And sweep the mountain hoar,
O, softly stir the ocean waves
Which sleep along the shore;
For my love sails the fairest ship
That wantons on the sea:
O, bend his masts with pleasant gales,
And waft him hame to me.

2.

O leave nae mair the bonnie glen,
Clear stream, and hawthorn grove,
Where first we walked in gloaming grey,
And sigh'd and look'd of love;
For faithless is the ocean wave,
And faithless is the wind—
Then leave nae mair my heart to break,
'Mang Scotland's hills behind.

LORD RANDAL.

1.

A cold wind and a starless sky,
  Hills white with sifted snaw;
A lady weeping at midnight,
  By a lone castle wa'!
Oh! come Lord Randal, open your door
  Oh! open and let me in;
The snaw hangs in my scarlet robe,
  The sleet dreeps down my chin.

2.

Oh! come Lord Randal, open your door,
  Oh! open that I may see
Ae glance but of that bonnie blue eye,
  That charm'd my heart frae me:
Oh! come Lord Randal, open your door,
  Or speak, that I may know
Once mair the music of that tongue
  That wrought me all my woe.

3.

Her voice sank low as the tender babe's
  That makes its gentle moan;
A cry still heard by that castle wa',
  In midnight mirk and lone:

Lord Randal call'd his true love thrice,
And wept, and paused to hear;
But, ah! ne'er mortal voice again
Might win that lady's ear.

BONNIE MARY HALLIDAY.

1.

Bonnie Mary Halliday,
Turn again, I call you;
If you go to the dewy wood,
Sorrow will befal you:
The ring dove, from the lonely wood,
Is wailing sore and calling;
And Annan water 'tween its banks
Is foaming far and falling.

2.

"Gentle Mary Halliday,
Come, my bonnie lady;
Upon the river's woody bank,
My steed is saddled ready:
For thy haughty kinsman's threats,
My faith shall never faulter;
The bridal banquet's ready made,
The priest is at the altar.

3.

Gentle Mary Halliday,
  The towers of merry Preston
Have bridal candles gleaming bright,
  So busk thee, love, and hasten:
Come, busk thee, love, and bowne thee,
  Through Tinwald and green Mouswal;
Come, be the grace and be the charm,
  To the proud towers of Machusel."

4.

Bonnie Mary Halliday,
  Turn again, I tell you;
For wit an' grace, an' loveliness,
  What maiden may excel you?
Though Annan has its beauteous dames,
  And Corrie many a fair one;
We canna want thee from our sight,
  Thou lovely, and thou rare one.

5.

Bonnie Mary Halliday,
  When the cittern's sounding,
We'll miss thy lightsome lilie foot,
  Amang the blythe lads bounding;
The summer sun shall freeze our veins,
  The winter moon shall warm us;
Ere the like of thee shall come again,
  To cheer us and to charm us.

O MY LOVE IS A COUNTRY LASS.

1.

O MY love is a country lass,
And I am but a country laddie;
But true love is nae gentleman,
And sweetness is nae lofty lady.
I make my bed 'mang brackens green;
My light's the moon, round, bright, an' bonnie;
And there I muse the summer night
On her, my leal and lovely Jeanie.

2.

Her gown spun by her ain white hand;
Her coat sae trim of snowy plaiden;
Is there a dame in all the land
Sae lady-like in silk and satin?
Though minstrel lore is all my wealth;
Let gowks love gold and mailens many,
I'm rich enough when I have thee,
My witty, winsome, lovely Jeanie.

3.

O! have you seen her at the kirk,
Her brow with meek devotion glowing?
Or got ae glance of her bright eye,
Frae 'neath her tresses dark and flowing?
Or heard her voice breathe out such words
As angels use—sweet, but not many?
And have ye dream'd of aught sinsyne,
Save her, my fair, my lovely Jeanie?

THE LORD'S MARIE.

1.

The Lord's Marie has kepp'd her locks
  Up wi' a golden kame,
An' she has put on her net-silk hose,
  An' awa to the tryste has gane.
O saft, saft fell the dew on her locks,
  An' saft, saft on her brow;
Ae sweet drap fell on her strawberrie lip,
  An' I kiss'd it aff, I trow!

2.

O whare gat ye that leal maiden,
  Sae jimpy laced an' sma'?
O whare gat ye that young damsel,
  Wha dings our lasses a'?
O whare gat ye that bonnie, bonnie lass,
  Wi' Heaven in her ee?
Here's ae drap o' the damask wine;—
  Sweet maiden, will ye pree?

3.

Fu' white, white was her bonnie neck,
  Twist wi' the satin twine,
But ruddie, ruddie grew her throat,
  While she supp'd the bluid-red wine.
Come, here's thy health, young stranger doo,
  Wha wears the golden kame;
This night will mony drink thy health,
  An ken na wha to name.

4.

Play me up 'Sweet Marie,' I cry'd,
An' loud the piper blew,—
But the fiddler play'd ay *struntum strum*,
An' down his bow he threw:
Here's thy kind health i' the ruddie red wine,
Fair dame o' the stranger land!
For never a pair o' een before
Could mar my gude bow-hand.

5.

Her lips were a cloven honey-cherrie,
Sae tempting to the sight;
Her locks owre alabaster brows
Fell like the morning light.
An' O! her honey breath lift her locks,
As through the dance she flew,
While luve laugh'd in her bonnie blue ee,
An' dwalt on her comely mou'.

6.

Loose hings yere broider'd gold garter,
Fair ladie, dare I speak?
She, trembling, lift her silky hand
To her red, red flushing cheek.
Ye've drapp'd, ye've drapp'd yere broach o'gold,
Thou Lord's daughter sae gay:
The tears o'erbrimm'd her bonnie blue ee,
O come, O come away!—

7.

O maid, unbar the siller bolt,
  To my chamber let me win,
An' take this kiss, thou peasant youth,
  I daur na let ye in.
An' take,' quo she', this kame o' gold,
  Wi' my lock o' yellow hair,
For meikle my heart forbodes to me,
  I never maun meet ye mair!

GLOSSARY.

AIRT, quarter of the heaven, point of the compass.
Bigged, built.
Braw, brave, handsome, pleasant, powerful.
Bodle, a Scottish coin, the third of an English penny.
Belled, bald on the crown of the head.
Bread-winner, a fiddle by which the owner won his bread.
Brocket, white flecked with black.
Brownie, a domestic fiend, the Billie-blin and lubber-fiend of England.
Bughted, folded; sheep are bughted when in the fold.
Bruik, enjoy, possess; well may ye bruik it, well may ye enjoy it.
Busked, to deck, to attire oneself.
Bree, eyebrow; "Ee nor bree," still a proverbial phrase.
Blinks, smiles.
Blobs, drops, large drops of dew.
Bauld, bold, forward.
Brent, upright, high, having a fresh hue.
Beltane, a festival on the first of May.
Bairntime, all the children of one mother.
Bield, shelter, refuge from a storm.
Bracken, fern.
Cantraip, a witch's spell, or charm, or incantation.

Carlin, an old woman.
Claes, cloaths, garments.
Cog, a hollow circular vessel of wood.
Cushats, ring-doves, wood pigeons.
Cummers, female companions.
Coost, threw off, undressed.
Chaumer, chamber.
Dool, sorrow, lamentation, woe.
Dub of darkness, lake of darkness.
Douce, sedate, respectable, grave.
Doited, stupid with age, decline of the understanding.
Duds, garments much the worse of the wear.
Dree, suffer, endure, long suffering.
Darke, a day's work, from light to dark.
Dreigh, wearysome, a road weary to the feet and the eye.
Dowie, sorrowful, dejected, cast down, lonely.
Daute, fondle, a father's or a lover's caress.
Dings, surpasses, outshines, overthrows.
Doo, dove.
Elf-arrows, elves' missiles, which inflict diseases on flocks.
Elfshot, a wound from an elf's arrow.
Erled-bride, betrothed-bride.
Eerie, lonely, with something of superstitious dread
Foumart, polecat.
Flow, Solway-flow, Solway-morass, a dangerous quagmire.
Faem, foam.
Gaun, going.
Gomeral, a senseless fellow, a blockhead.
Gowk, a harmless, talkative, foolish person.
Gowan, the field or wild daisy.
Gloaming, twilight.
Glamour, supernatural deception of sight, the effect of a spell.

Gled, the kite.

Hauselock-grey, locks of wool, cut from the throats of sheep, when mixed with black wool form hauselock-grey.

Hodan-gray, cloth of that colour worn by the peasantry, coarse, and made from wool of the natural hue undyed.

Hanks of hair, long tresses, separated like quantities of yarn.

Hether-honie, honey gathered from heath-bloom, the richest honey.

Haffet-locks, tresses which hang on maiden's temples and cheeks.

Hause-bane, the bone of the throat.

Haurling, dragging one's self along.

Hallan, a partition, a screen to ward the wind from a door.

Hirpling, walking lamely.

Hirsel, a flock.

Jimpy, slender, tight, handsome.

Ingleside, the side of a hearth fire.

Kittle-cast, a sudden, an unhappy, an untoward fate.

Kittler of catgut, a fiddler, tickler of fiddle strings.

Kilted-kimmer, a maiden with her coats tucked mid-leg high.

Kitted-whey, thickened whey.

Kames, combs of honey, combs for fastening the hair.

Knurles, hard knots made purposely difficult to loose.

Kirn, the last cut of standing corn, harvest home.

Lythe, to sweeten, to soften, mitigate, or assuage.

Lilt, lilting, the singing of a cheerful song.

Lowed, burned, flamed far.

Lift, the sky, the visible firmament.

Leal, true, loyal, faithful.

Leamed, shone with a pure and beautiful light.

Laverock, the skylark.

Laired, to be sunk in a mire, or a quicksand.

Lowne, the wind was lowne, breathing low, so as to be scarce heard.

Muckle, a large quantity, pre-eminent.
Mirk-Monday, dark-Monday, the day of an eclipse.
Mense, to grace, to honour.
Merse, pasture land on the sea side.
Mahoun, the enemy of man's salvation, the Devil, Mahomet.
Mint, to offer, to presume.
Mailens, rented farms.
Mools, a quantity of earth, churchyard earth.
Pellock, the porpoise.
Pyke, pick.
Prief, proof.
Pree, taste.
Reaver, a robber of henroosts, a stealer of cattle.
Rannel-tree, a chimney-beam to which the pot is hung.
Rowes, rolls.
Shealing, sheal, a hut, the summer residence of the shepherds.
Saul to gude, asking divine protection.
Syne, then, since.
Sinsyne, since then, afterwards.
Snood, the fillet which binds a virgin's hair.
Sugh, a sugh, a rustling sound, the whistling of wings.
Sark, shirt.
Skaithless, to escape without injury.
Sained, to make the sign of the cross, to recommend one's self to divine protection.
Skirled, a shrill, a female scream.
Tryster-tree, the appointed tree of meeting.
Thairms, fiddle-strings.
Tass, a drinking cup.
Tod, the fox.
Toom, empty, hollow.
Timmer, wood, timber.
Tint, lost.

White-mutched dames, white-capped dames; mutch, a coif, a woman's head-dress.

Wraith, a spectral appearance, denoting early death to those who see it, or those whose shape it assumes.

Witch-knots, knots fastened by witchcraft or spell.

Winsome, gay, agreeable, beautiful, engaging.

Witch-tree, the mountain-ash, called witch-tree, from the charm it is supposed to contain against witchcraft.

THE END.

C. Baldwin, Printer.
New-Bridge-st. London.

Preparing for Publication,

In 4 Vols. small 8vo.

SCOTTISH SONGS,

ANCIENT AND MODERN;

ILLUSTRATED WITH

NOTES, A CRITICAL INTRODUCTION,

AND CHARACTERS OF THE

MOST EMINENT LYRIC POETS OF SCOTLAND.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

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